# AMUSEMENTS

AND

# ADVENTURES OF TRAVEL.

A NEW SELECTION.

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# ADVENTURES.

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## WATERTON'S ADVENTURES WITH SNAKES IN THE WILDS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

I HAD offered a reward to any of the negroes who should find a good-sized snake in the forest, and come and let me know where it was. One morning I met one of them in the forest, and asked him which way he was going. He said he was going towards Warratilla creek to hunt an armadillo; and he had his little dog with him. On coming back, about noon, the dog began to bark at the root of a large tree, which had been upset by the whirlwind, and was lying there in a gradual state of decay. The negro said, he thought his dog was barking at an acouri, which had probably taken refuge under the tree, and he went up with an intention to kill it: he there saw a snake, and hastened back to inform me of it.

I instantly rose up, and laying hold of the eight-foot lance, which was close by me, "Well then, Daddy," said I, "we'll go and have a look at the snake." I was barefoot, with an old hat, and check shirt, and trowsers on, and a pair of braces to keep them up. The negro had his cutlass; and as we ascended the hill, another negro, armed with a cutlass, joined us, judging from our pace that there was something to do. The little

dog came along with us, and when we had got about half a mile in the forest, the negro stopped, and pointed to the fallen tree. All was still and silent. I told the negroes not to stir from the place where they were, and to keep the little dog in, and that I would go in and reconnoitre.

I advanced up to the place slowly and cautiously. The snake was well concealed, but at last I made him out. It was a Coulacanara, not poisonous, but large enough to have crushed any of us to death. On measuring him afterwards, he was something more than fourteen feet long. This species of snake is very rare, and much thicker, in proportion to his length, than any other snake in the forest.

Having found the serpent, I retired slowly the way I came, and promised four dollars to the negro who had shown it to me, and one to the other who had joined us. Aware that the day was on the decline, and that the approach of night would be detrimental to the dissection, a thought struck me that I could take him alive. I imagined, if I could strike him with the lance behind the head, and pin him to the ground, I might succeed in capturing him. When I told this to the negroes, they begged and entreated me to let them go for a gun, and bring more force, as they were sure the snake would kill some of us; but having been in search of a large serpent for years, and now having come up with one, it did not become me to turn soft; so, taking a cutlass from one of the negroes, and then ranging both the sable slaves behind me, I told them to follow me, and that I would cut them down if they offered to fly. I smiled as I said this, but they shook their heads in silence, and seemed to have but a bad heart of it.

When we got up to the place, the serpent had not stirred, but I could see nothing of his head, and I judged by the folds of his body that it must be at the

farthest side of his den. A species of woodbine had formed a complete mantle over the branches of the fallen tree, almost impervious to the rain, or the rays of the sun. Probably he had resorted to this sequestered place for a length of time, as it bore marks of an ancient settlement.

I now took my knife, determining to cut away the woodbine, and break the twigs in the gentlest manner possible, till I could get a view of his head. One negro stood guard close behind me with the lance; and near him the other with a cutlass. The cutlass which I had taken from the first negro was on the ground close by me in case of need.

After working in dead silence for a quarter of an hour, with one knee all the time on the ground, I had cleared away enough to see his head. It appeared coming out betwixt the first and second coil of the body, and was flat on the ground. This was the very position I wished it to be in. I rose in silence and retreated very slowly, making a sign to the negroes to do the same. The dog was sitting at a distance in mute observance. I could now read in the face of the negroes that they considered this as a very unpleasant affair, and they made another attempt to persuade me to let them go for a gun. I smiled in a good-natured manner, and made a feint to cut them down with the weapon I had in my hand. This was all the answer I made to their request, and they looked very uneasy.

It must be observed, that we were now about twenty yards from the snake's den. I ranged the negroes behind me, and told him who stood next to me to lay hold of the lance the moment I struck the snake, and that the other must attend my movements. It now only remained to take their cutlasses from them, for I was sure, if I did not disarm them, they would be tempted to strike the snake in time of danger, and thus for ever spoil his skin. On taking their cutlasses from

them, if I might judge from their physiognomy, they seemed to consider it as a most intolerable act of tyranny in me. Probably nothing kept them from bolting but the consolation that I was to be betwixt them and the snake. Indeed, my own heart, in spite of all I could do, beat quicker than usual; and I felt those sensations which one has on board a merchant vessel in war time, when the captain orders all hands on deck to prepare for action, while a strange vessel is coming down upon us under suspicious colours.

We went slowly on in silence, without moving our arms or heads, in order to prevent all alarm as much as possible, lest the snake should glide off, or attack us in self-defence. I carried the lance perpendicularly before me, with the point about a foot from the ground. The snake had not moved, and on getting up to him I struck him with the lance on the near side, just behind the neck, and pinned him to the ground. That moment the negro next to me seized the lance, and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head foremost into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief.

On pinning him to the ground with the lance, he gave a tremendous loud hiss, and the little dog ran away, howling as he went. We had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for superiority. I called out to the second negro to throw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough. He did so, and the additional weight was of great service. I had now got firm hold of his tail; and after a violent struggle or two, he gave in, finding himself overpowered. This was the moment to secure him; so, while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloose my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth.

The snake now finding himself in an unpleasant

situation, tried to better himself, and set resolutely to work, but we overpowered him. We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convey him out of the forest. I stood at his head, and held it firm under my arm, one negro supporting the belly, and the other the tail. In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it after resting ten times, for the snake was too heavy for us to support him without stopping to recruit our strength. As we proceeded onwards with him, he fought hard for freedom, but it was all in vain. I had brought with me up into the forest a strong bag, large enough to contain any animal that I should want to dissect. I considered this the best mode of keeping live wild animals when I was pressed for daylight, for the bag yielding in every direction to their efforts, they would have nothing solid or fixed to work on, and thus would be prevented from making a hole through it. I say fixed, for after the mouth of the bag was closed, the bag itself was not fastened or tied to anything, but moved about wherever the animal inside caused it to roll. After securing afresh the mouth of the coulacanara, so that he could not open it, he was forced into this bag and left to his fate till morning.

I cannot say he allowed me to have a quiet night. My hammock was in the loft just above him, and the floor betwixt us, half gone to decay, so that in parts of it no boards intervened betwixt his lodging-room and mine. He was very restless and fretful; and had Medusa been my wife, there could not have been more continued and disagreeable hissing in the bed-chamber that night. At daybreak I sent to borrow ten of the negroes who were cutting wood at a distance. I could have done with half that number, but judged it most prudent to have a good force, in case he should try to escape from the house when we opened the bag. However, nothing serious occurred.

By six o'clock the same evening he was completely dissected. On examining his teeth, I observed that they were all bent like tenter-hooks, pointing down his throat, and not so large or strong as I expected to have found them; but they are exactly suited to what they are intended by nature to perform. The snake does not masticate his food, and thus the only service his teeth have to perform is to seize his prey, and hold it till he swallows it whole.

In general, the skins of snakes are sent to museums without the head; for when the Indians and Negroes kill a snake, they seldom fail to cut off the head, and then they run no risk from its teeth. When the skin is stuffed in the museum, a wooden head is substituted, armed with teeth which are large enough to suit a tiger's jaw; and this tends to mislead the spectator, and give him erroneous ideas.

During this fray with the serpent, the old negro, Daddy Quashi, was in George-town procuring provisions, and just returned in time to help to take the skin off. He had spent best part of his life in the forest with his old master, Mr. Edmonstone, and amused me much in recounting their many adventures amongst the wild beasts. The Daddy had a particular horror of snakes, and frankly declared he could never have faced the one in question.

The week following, his courage was put to the test, and he made good his words. It was a curious conflict, and took place near the spot where I had captured the large snake. In the morning I had been following a new species of paroquet, and the day being rainy I had taken an umbrella to keep the gun dry, and had left it under a tree. In the afternoon I took Daddy Quashi with me to look for it. Whilst he was searching about, curiosity took me towards the place of the late scene of action. There was a path where timber had formerly been dragged along. Here I observed a young coula-

canara, ten feet long, slowly moving onwards. I saw he was not thick enough to break my arm, in case he got twisted round it. There was not a moment to be lost. I laid hold of his tail with the left hand, one knee being on the ground; with the right I took off my hat, and held it as you would hold a shield for defence.

The snake instantly turned, and came on at me, with his head about a yard from the ground, as if to ask me what business I had to take liberties with his tail. I let him come, hissing and open-mouthed, within two feet of my face, and then, with all the force I was master of, I drove my fist, shielded by my hat, full in his jaws. He was stunned and confounded by the blow, and ere he could recover himself I had seized his throat with both hands, in such a position that he could not bite me. I then allowed him to coil himself round my body, and marched off with him as my lawful prize. He pressed me hard, but not alarmingly so.

In the meantime, Daddy Quashi having found the umbrella, and having heard the noise which the fray occasioned, was coming cautiously up. As soon as he saw me, and in what company I was, he turned about and ran off home, I after him, and shouting to increase his fear. On scolding him for his cowardice, the old rogue begged that I would forgive him, for that the sight of the snake had positively turned him sick.*

* To those of our readers who are as yet unacquainted with them, we cannot too strongly recommend the interesting volumes of Charles Waterton, Esq., and we therefore subjoin the titles. 1. " Wanderings in South America," &c., fifth edition, fcp. 8vo. (Fellowes), from which the above and other extracts in this little book are taken. 2. " Essays in Natural History," first, second, and third series, fcp. 8vo. (Longman.) We should add, that the latter volumes will be found extremely amusing to the general reader (whether interested specially in natural history or not), and that, besides the Essays, they contain an autobiography of the author, continued on from one volume to another.

## SERPENT ADVENTURES IN TEXAS.*

As for serpents, I had them of all sizes and of every variety. Selection was easy; they were everywhere under our feet; we walked on them, and crushed them unconsciously, without paying any attention to the fact. The business of destroying them was left to the pigs, the cats, and even the fowls. These fell resolutely on the serpent's head and devoured it, without subsequently experiencing any bodily inconvenience, an example which was not lost on us. At Quihi, a tiger hunter killed a rattle snake which he had mistaken for a dead tree; the reptile measured seventeen feet in length, eighteen inches in circumference, and was furnished with twenty-five rings or rattles. One day the Abbé Dubuis went to our little barn for some maize, and took up a serpent in his hand, mistaking it for a blade of corn; another day a cobra di capella glided into our school-room, and was on the point of biting one of the children, when M. Dubuis killed it with a blow of a stick in the most business-like manner imaginable.

We had a horse, which we allowed to roam at large through the prairie. One evening we missed the beast, and the Abbé and I set out to look for him. Lest we should lose each other, I remained stationary on an open spot whence the town could be seen, while the Abbé Dubuis searched about to the right and to the left for the horse, taking care, at the same time, to be always within hail. The night was coming on apace, but no horse. All at once I perceived at my feet, and gliding from under the grass, where he had lain concealed for a long time, a rattlesnake of about two

* From the Abbé Domenech's Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico.

yards in length. I was about to take to my heels, when I bethought me that this serpent captured alive would be a great acquisition to my collection of reptiles, or at all events his skin would make a grand pair of slippers for my mother. Quick as thought I rushed upon him, and knocked him senseless with a large clod of earth; I then tied a cord tightly round his neck. In the meantime the horse was found, and we retraced our steps to the town, one with the horse, the other with the rattlesnake, which commenced by degrees to recover his strength in a most alarming manner, making the air resound with the noise of his rattles, and dragging my arms about by his strong and rapid writhings. I durst not let go my hold for fear of being bitten. The efforts therefore which I made to hold him, and the fear of being bitten, threw me into a state of profuse perspiration; however I arrived at last, and tied the serpent to a bench, keeping down his head with my foot during the operation. Next day we were three at dinner; our bill of fare, however, included but three eggs. What then was to be done? I proposed that we should eat the serpent; M. Dubuis approved of the idea, remarking: "If the flesh be good, we shall have in future wherewith to satisfy our appetite, nay, even to exceed the bounds of necessity, should we be so inclined." Accordingly, I summoned to my aid all my culinary skill to dress the serpent, and in a very short time it appeared on the table, stripped of its skin, deprived of its head and tail, cut into small pieces, gritted and well spiced with cayenne pepper. The new dish seemed palatable enough, but our natural repugnance to it was insurmountable,—the idea of eating a serpent shocked our stomachs, otherwise we might have bid defiance to hunger.

The bite of the rattlesnake is not always mortal; one day a rattlesnake sprung upon a colonist, and bit

him in the leg. The unfortunate fellow, tortured as he was by the excruciating pain of the wound, fancied he was dying. I was called to administer the last sacraments. Now, I never left the house without a small phial of liquid ammoniac and a bistoury.* Having reached the sick man's bed, I enlarged the wound with my bistoury, and then cauterised it well with the ammoniac; eight days afterwards the patient was completely cured.

One morning I was saying mass, and our sacristan, who had been a schoolmaster in his time, was clerk on the occasion. He was an old little man with enormous spectacles which prevented him from seeing. As he was removing the book from one side of the altar to the other, he felt something creep up between his legs; it was a royal serpent, a harmless reptile of great beauty, which had hid itself under the altar. As soon as the sacristan saw it, he commenced screaming at the top of his voice and dancing about from side to side, all the while pommelling the poor serpent with the missal; at last it relaxed its hold and darted back into its place under the altar.

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## RATTLESNAKES IN NORTH AMERICA.†

We believe that we have seen a greater number of these reptiles, in our various journeyings, and been more intensely frightened by them, than any other scenery-loving tourist or angler in the country, and hence the idea of our present essay. We shall record our stock

* An instrument for making incisions.

† From Llanmann's Adventures in the Wilds of North America.

of information for the benefit of the general reader, rather than for the learned and scientific, beginning our remarks with what we know of the character of that really beautiful and magnanimous, but most deadly animal, which was adopted as the revolutionary emblem of our country, as the eagle is now the emblem of the republic.

The rattlesnake derives its name from an instrument attached to its tail, consisting of a series of hollow scaly pieces, which, when shaken, make a rattling or rustling noise. The number of these pieces or rattles are said to correspond with the number of years which the animal has attained, and some travellers assert that they have been discovered with thirty rattles, though thirteen is a much more common number. It is one of the most venomous of serpents, and yet one that we cannot but respect, since it habitually makes the most honourable use of the singular appendage with which it is gifted. It never strikes a foe without first warning him of his danger. In form it is somewhat corpulent, has a flat heart-shaped head, and is supplied with fangs, varying from a half-inch to an inch in length, which lie hidden horizontally in the flesh of the upper jaw, and are capable of being thrown out like the blade of a knife. The venom emitted by it is so deadly that it has been known to cause the death of a human being in a very few hours, and to destroy a dog or cat in less than twenty minutes, and yet we have met with some half-dozen individuals in our travels who have been bitten by the rattlesnake without being seriously injured. Horses and cattle are known to become exceedingly terrified at its appearance, and generally speaking, when bitten, die in a short time, and yet we once saw a horse which was only troubled, in consequence of its bite, by a disease resembling the scurvy. The hair dropped from the

skin of the quadruped, and he looked extremely ill, if he did not feel so. As to the effect of this poison upon hogs, it has frequently been proved to be perfectly harmless, and we know it to be the custom in certain portions of the country for farmers to employ their swine for the express purpose of destroying the rattlesnakes infesting their land. The effect of the rattlesnake's bite upon itself is said to be generally fatal. In regard to the antidote to this poison, we are acquainted with only one, which is the plant commonly called the rattlesnake weed. Both the root and the leaf are employed, and applied internally as well as externally. This plant grows to the height of six or eight inches, has one stock, and a leaf resembling in shape the head of the rattlesnake, and is almost invariably found in those sections of the country where the reptile abounds.

The courage of the rattlesnake is by no means remarkable, and it is but seldom that they will dispute the right of way with a man who is not afraid of them. They are sluggish in their movements, and accomplish most of their travelling during the nocturnal hours. They feed upon almost every variety of living creatures which they can overpower. They are not partial to water, but when compelled to cross a river or lake, they perform the feat in a most beautiful manner, holding their heads about one foot from the surface, and gliding along at a rapid rate. They are affectionate creatures, and it is alleged that when their offspring are very young, and they are disturbed by the presence of man, the mothers swallow their little ones until the danger is past, and then disgorge them alive and writhing.

Another of their peculiarities consists in the fact, that they may be entirely disarmed by brandishing over their heads the leaves of the white ash, which are so obnoxious to their nervous system as to produce the

most painful contortions of the body. When travelling at night in search of food, or for purposes of recreation, as it may be, they have a fashion of visiting the encampments of hunters, and it has been ascertained that the only way of keeping them at a respectable distance is to encircle the camp with a rope, over which they are afraid to crawl; and it has frequently happened to hunters, in a snake country, that on awaking after a night of repose, they have discovered on the outside of their magic circle as many as a dozen of the charming creatures carefully coiled up and sound asleep. It is also related of this snake that it has the power of throwing off or suppressing a disagreeable effluvium, which is quite sickening to those who come within its range. If this be true, it occurs chiefly in the month of August, when the weather is sultry and the snake is particularly fat. That this snake has the power of *charming*, as some writers maintain, may be true, but we are not aware of an authenticated instance. That it may have a very quiet way of stealing upon its prey seems to us much more plausible; but we will not commit ourselves by declaring this to be a fact. As to their power of *hissing*—that also is an undecided question. In regard to their manner of biting we can speak with more confidence. They never attack a man without first coiling themselves in a graceful manner, and, instead of jumping, they merely extend their bodies, with the quickness of thought, towards their mark, and if they do not reach it, they have to coil themselves again for a second effort.

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The rattlesnake is peculiar to the American continent. Four varieties alone are known to naturalists, three of which are found in the United States, and one

in South America. In the states bordering on the Gulf of Mexico they attain the length of seven and eight feet, and a diameter of three to four inches—the males having four fangs, and the females only two. These are characterized by a kind of diamond figure on the skin, and are partial to the low or bottom lands of the country. Those found in the Middle and Northern States are called the common or banded rattlesnakes, and are altogether the most abundant in the Union. They vary in length from two and a half to four feet, and are partial to mountainous and rocky districts. There is also a very small, but most dangerous variety, called the ground rattlesnakes, which are found on the sterile and sandy prairies of the West, and, to a limited extent, in the barren districts of the South. In Canada they are almost unknown, and even in the more thickly settled states of the Union they are rapidly becoming extinct. As to their value, it may be stated that their oil and gall are highly prized in some sections of the Union for the cure of consumption, and it is said that their bodies when dried by fire and pulverized, and then infused in brandy, are a certain cure for rheumatism. By the Indians and slave population of the South, their flesh is frequently employed as an article of food, and really considered sweet and nourishing.

The attachment of the aborigines to this famous reptile is proverbial: among nearly all the tribes, even at the present day, it is seldom disturbed, but is designated by the endearing epithet of *grandfather*. It is recorded, however, by the early historians, that when one tribe desired to challenge another to combat, they were in the habit of sending into the midst of their enemy the skin of a rattlesnake, whereby it would appear to have been employed as an emblem of revenge. And as to the origin of the rattlesnake, the old

men among the Cherokees relate a legend to the following effect.

A very beautiful young man, with a white face, and wrapped in a white robe, once appeared in their nation, and commanded them to abandon all their old customs and festivals, and to adopt a new religion. He made use of the softest language, and everything that he did proved him to be a good man. It so happened, however, that he could make no friends among them, and the medicine men of the nation conspired to take away his life. In many ways did they try to do this—by lashing him with serpents and by giving him poison, but were always unsuccessful. But in process of time the deed was accomplished, and in the following manner: It was known that the good stranger was in the habit of daily visiting a certain spring for the purpose of quenching his thirst, and bathing his body. In view of this fact, the magicians made a very beautiful war-club, inlaid with bone and shells, and decorated with rattles, and this club they offered to the Great Spirit, with the prayer that he would teach them how to destroy the stranger. In answer to the prayer, a venomous snake was created and carefully hidden under a leaf by the side of the spring. The stranger, as usual, came there to drink, was bitten by the snake, and perished. The Cherokee nation then fell in love with the snake, and having asked the Great Spirit to distinguish it, by some peculiar mark, from all the other snakes in the world, he complied by transferring to its body the rattles which had made the club of sacrifice so musical to the ear, and so beautiful to the eye; and from that rattlesnake are descended all the poisonous snakes now scattered through the world.

We commenced this article with the determination of not writing a single paragraph (for the above legend,

after a fashion, is historical) which could be classed with the unbelievable things called "Snake Stories," but the following anecdote may not be unacceptable to our readers.

We were once upon a fishing expedition among the mountains of North Carolina, with two other gentlemen, when it so happened that we determined to spend the night in a deserted log cabin belonging to one of the party. By the light of a large fire we partook of a cold but comfortable supper, and after talking ourselves into a drowsy mood, we huddled together on the floor, directly in front of the fire-place, and were soon in a sound sleep. About midnight, when the fire was out, one of the party was awakened by a singular rattling noise, and having roused his companions, it was ascertained beyond a doubt that there were two rattle-snakes within the room where they were lying. We arose, of course horrified at the idea, and as we were in total darkness, we were afraid even to move for fear of being bitten. We soon managed, however, to strike a light, and when we did so we found one of our visitors on the hearth, and one in the remotest corner of the room. We killed them, as a matter of course, with a most hearty relish, and in the morning destroyed another of the same race just without the threshold of the cabin. The reptiles had probably left the cabin just before our arrival, and on returning at midnight had expressed their displeasure at our intrusion upon their abode by sounding their rattles.

# ARAGO'S ADVENTURES IN SPAIN.*

I was expecting M. Biot at Valencia, he having undertaken to bring some new instruments with which we were to measure the latitude of Formentera. I shall take advantage of these short intervals of repose to insert here some details of manners which may, perhaps, be read with interest.

I will recount, in the first instance, an adventure which was near costing me my life under somewhat singular circumstances.

One day, as a recreation, I thought I could go, with a fellow-countryman, to the fair at Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum, which they told me was very curious. I met in the town the daughter of a Frenchman resident at Valencia, Madlle. B——. All the hotels were crowded; Madlle. B—— invited us to take some refreshments at her grandmother's. We accepted; but on leaving the house she informed us that our visit had not been to the taste of some of her friends, and that we must be prepared for some sort of attack. We went directly to an armourer's, bought some pistols, and commenced our return to Valencia.

On our way I said to the calezero (driver), a man whom I had employed for a long time, and who was much devoted to me,—

"Isidro, I have some reason to believe that we shall be stopped. I warn you of it, so that you may not be surprised at the shots which will be fired from the caleza (vehicle)."

Isidro, seated on the shaft, according to the custom of the country, answered—

* In the year 1808 M. Arago and M. Biot were employed upon some astronomical observations in the mountains of Spain.

"Your pistols are completely useless, gentlemen; leave me to act; one cry will be enough; my mule will disembarrass us of two, three, or even four men."

Scarcely one minute had elapsed after the calezero had pronounced these words, when two men presented themselves before the mule and seized her by the nostrils. At the same instant a formidable cry, which will never be effaced from my remembrance,—the cry of *Capitana!*—was uttered by Isidro. The mule reared up almost vertically, raising up one of the men, came down again, and set off at a rapid gallop. The jolt which the carriage made led us to understand too well what had just occurred. A long silence succeeded this event; it was only interrupted by these words of the calezero: "Do you not think, gentlemen, that my mule is worth more than any pistols?"

The next day the captain-general, Don Domingo Izquierdo, related to me that a man had been found crushed on the road to Murviedro. I gave him an account of the prowess of Isidro's mule, and no more was said.

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During my stay on a mountain near Cullera, to the north of the mouth of the river Xucar, and to the south of the Albuféra, I once conceived the project of establishing a station on the high mountains which are in front of it. I went to see them. The alcaid of one of the neighbouring villages warned me of the danger to which I was about to expose myself. "These mountains," said he to me, "form the resort of a crowd of robbers." I asked for the national guard, as I had the power to do so. My escort was supposed by the robbers to be an expedition directed against them, and they spread themselves at once over the rich plain which is watered by the Xucar. On my return I found

them engaged in combat with the authorities of Cullera. Wounds had been given on both sides, and, if I recollect right, one alguazil was left dead on the plain.

The next morning I regained my station. The following night was a horrible one: the rain fell in a deluge. Towards night there was a knocking at my cabin door. To the question, "Who is there?" the answer was, "A Custom-house guard, who asks of you a refuge for some hours." My servant having opened the door to him, I saw a magnificent man enter, armed to the teeth. He laid himself down on the earth and went to sleep. In the morning, as I was chatting with him at the door of my cabin, his eyes became animated on seeing two persons on the slope of the mountain—the alcaid of Cullera and his principal alguazil—who were coming to pay me a visit. "Sir," cried he, "nothing less than the gratitude which I owe to you, on account of the service which you have rendered to me this night, could prevent my seizing this occasion for disencumbering myself, by one shot of this carabine, of my most cruel enemy. Adieu, sir!" and he departed, springing from rock to rock as light as a gazelle.

When arrived at the cabin, the alcaid and his alguazil recognised in the fugitive the chief of all the brigands in the country.

Some days afterwards, the weather having again become very bad, I received a second visit from the pretended Custom-house guard, who went soundly to sleep in my cabin. I saw that my servant, an old military man, who had heard the recital of the deeds and behaviour of this man, was preparing to kill him. I jumped down from my camp bed, and, seizing my servant by the throat,—"Are you mad?" said I to him. "Are we to discharge the duties of police in this country? Do you not see, moreover, that this would

expose us to the resentment of all those who obey the orders of this redoubted chief? and we should thus render it impossible for us to terminate our operations."

Next morning, when the sun rose, I had a conversation with my guest, which I will try to reproduce faithfully.

"Your situation is perfectly known to me. I know that you are not a Custom-house guard; I have learnt from certain information that you are the chief of the robbers of the country. Tell me whether I have anything to fear from your confederates?"

"The idea of robbing you did occur to us, but we concluded that all your funds would be in the neighbouring towns; that you would carry no money to the summit of mountains, where you would not know what to do with it, and that our expedition against you could have no fruitful result. Moreover, we cannot pretend to be as strong as the King of Spain. The King's troops leave us quietly enough to exercise our industry, but on the day that we molested an envoy from the Emperor of the French they would have directed against us several regiments, and we should soon have succumbed. Allow me to add, that the gratitude which I owe to you is your surest guarantee."

"Very well; I will trust in your words. I shall regulate my conduct by your answer. Tell me if I can travel at night. It is fatiguing to me to move from one station to another in the day under the burning influence of the sun."

"You can do it, sir; I have already given my orders to this purpose; they will not be infringed."

Some days afterwards I left for Denia. It was midnight, when some horsemen rode up to me, and addressed these words to me:—

"Stop there, señor! Times are hard: those who have something must aid those who have nothing.

Give us the keys of your trunks; we will only take your superfluities."

I had already obeyed their orders, when it came into my head to call out—

"I had been told, however, that I could travel without risk."

"What is your name, sir?"

"Don Francisco Arago."

"*Hombre! vaya usted con Dios* (God be with you)."

And our cavaliers, spurring away from us, rapidly lost themselves in a field of "algarrobos."

When *my friend*, the robber of Cullera, assured me that I had nothing to fear from his subordinates, he informed me at the same time that his authority did not extend north of Valencia. The banditti of the northern part of the kingdom obeyed other chiefs, one of whom, after having been taken, was condemned and hung, and his body divided into four quarters, which were fastened to posts, on four royal roads, but not without their having previously been boiled in oil, to make sure of their longer preservation.

This barbarous custom produced no effect, for scarcely was one chief destroyed before another presented himself to replace him.

Of all these brigands, those had the worst reputation who carried on their depredations in the environs of Oropeza. The proprietors of the three mules on which M. Rodriguez, I, and my servant were riding one evening in this neighbourhood, were recounting to us the "grand deeds" of these robbers, which, even in full daylight, would have made the hair of one's head stand on end, when, by the faint light of the moon, we perceived a man hiding himself behind a tree. We were six, and yet this sentry on horseback had the audacity to demand our purses or our lives. My servant at once answered him,—"You must then

believe us to be very cowardly; retire yourself, or I will bring you down by one shot from my carabine." "I will retire," returned the worthless fellow, "but you will soon hear news of me." Still full of fright at the remembrance of the histories which they had just been relating, the three "arieros" besought us to quit the high road and cast ourselves into a wood which was on our left. We yielded to their proposal, but we lost our way. "Dismount," said they; "the mules have been obeying the bridle and you have directed them wrongly. Let us retrace our way as far as the high road, and then leave the mules to themselves; they will well know how to find their right way again." Scarcely had we effected this manœuvre, which succeeded marvellously well, when we heard a lively discussion taking place at a short distance from us; some saying, "We must follow the high road, and we shall meet with them," the others maintaining that they must get into the wood on the left. The barking of the dogs, by whom these individuals were accompanied, added to the tumult. During this time we pursued our way silently, more dead than alive. It was two o'clock in the morning. All at once we saw a faint light in a solitary house; it was like a lighthouse for the navigator in the midst of the tempest, and the only means of safety which remained to us. Arrived at the door of the farm, we knocked and asked for hospitality. The inhabitants, very little reassured, fearing that we were but thieves, did not hurry themselves to open to us.

Impatient at the delay, I cried out, as I had received authority to do so, "In the name of the King, open to us!" They obeyed an order thus formalised; we entered pell-mell, and in the greatest haste, men and mules, into the kitchen, which was on the ground floor; and we hurried to extinguish the lights, in order

not to awaken the suspicions of the bandits who were seeking for us. Indeed, we heard them passing and repassing near the house, vociferating with the whole force of their lungs against their unlucky fate. We did not quit this solitary house until broad day, and we continued our route for Toulouse, not without having given a suitable recompense to our hosts. I wished to know by what providential circumstance they happened to have a lamp burning at that unseasonable hour. "It was," they told me, "that we had killed a pig in the course of the day, and we were busy preparing the black puddings." Let the pig have lived one day more, or suppress the black puddings, I should certainly have been no longer in this world, and I should not have had occasion to recount the history of the robbers of Oropeza.

ARAGO'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

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## ROBBER ADVENTURES IN PORTUGAL.

THE following incidents are related in a volume of travels in Portugal, published some years ago by Miss Pardoe :—

Between the towns of Rio Mayor and Leiria (in Portugal), and among the olive groves, which form a distinctive and oft-recurring feature in the landscape, stands the poor hamlet of Vendos de los Carvalhos, consisting of about half-a-dozen houses, so unsociably situated that no two of them are visible the one from the other. Nothing more wild or dreary can well be imagined than this little out-of-the-world place, or more apparently unpromising for the purposes of romance. Truth is, however, as it has been tritely remarked,

often stranger than fiction; and thus Carvalhos, during the occupation of the country by the English in 1827, redeemed itself from utter insignificance by an adventure which created a considerable sensation at that period. On one occasion, the paymasters of the different regiments stationed at Coimbra went to Lisbon to procure money for the payment of their respective troops; and on their return took up their quarters for the night at the *Estralagem* of Carvalho.

The host was a hearty, corpulent, bright-eyed fellow, who seemed to have no object or ambition in life beyond providing for the comfort of his guests; and, with the help of his active wife, a good supper soon smoked before the hungry travellers.

Sentinels were posted round the *Estralagem* (wine-house); and the paymasters, after passing as comfortable an evening as slippered feet and tolerable wine could afford, betook themselves to rest. About an hour after midnight an alarm was given by one of the sentries. He had heard a long shrill whistle not far from his post, which had been answered from the wood; then a third, and a fourth—in short, he knew not how many; until the sounds of these midnight signals had died away in the distance. Nor was this all: he had seen dark figures moving about among the trees in the vicinity of the *Estralagem*, and had distinctly distinguished one tall fellow, wrapped closely in his cloak, gliding away in the direction of the Leiria road. All this was uncomfortable enough to men who were in possession of a considerable sum of money, and a very inconsiderable guard. There was no time to be lost; and accordingly mine host was summoned to rise. Very little delay took place before he made his appearance, as the *toilette* of the Portuguese peasantry is no elaborate process when they leave their beds; for as they almost invariably lie down on their mats precisely

as they have appeared during the previous day, without displacing any part of their dress, they have merely to shake themselves, indulge in a yawn or two, and they are ready to enter on the duties of the next.

Such was the case with the portly innkeeper, who stood, cap in hand, before the travellers, five minutes after they had summoned him ; and in no very courtly terms was he received : every energetic epithet in their slender vocabulary of Portuguese was lavishly bestowed on him ; they insisted that he must be aware of the proceedings without, and declared they saw very clearly that violence was intended towards them. The host stood quite unmoved, quietly twirling his cap, and glancing from one to the other, as each addressed him in turn. When, however, yielding to their indignation, they at length vowed vengeance against him if he did not immediately explain the suspicious appearances vouched for by the sentinels, a slight smile, rather of pity than scorn, was perceptible on his lip ; and it was not until they declared that they would instantly leave his house and proceed on their journey, that the hitherto imperturbable innkeeper condescended to mix in the conversation. He said little even then, but that little was sufficiently to the purpose to change the outcry of the travellers into the low murmur of a spent storm, and to determine them to stay where they were, at all events until daybreak.

"I am sorry, Senhores," he said calmly, when they declared their intention to depart, "that you have come to such a resolution ; but you are free travellers, and I can draw no bolt upon you ;—nevertheless, have a care ; you already know that the highwaymen are abroad in the woods ; they are many and bold, it is said ; and you best know how far you are able to contend with them. While you are in my house I will answer for your lives and property with my own—leave

it before daylight, and I swear by *Nossa Senhora da Roca*, that I would not insure to any one of you another hour's existence. Gentlemen, I wait for your commands."

There was a quiet gravity about the man which convinced the travellers at once of his perfect sincerity: they held a hurried council together, which terminated in the resolution to remain where they were, at least until the morning had broke: and they announced their determination to the landlord.

"Light the gentlemen," was his only reply, as he turned to a lad who had accompanied him to the apartment; and with a slight bow he prepared to withdraw.

"Let the light remain here," said one of the party, taking the heavy brass lamp from the lad and placing it on a table; "we shall watch during the remainder of the night."

"Well, be it so," was the unmoved reply; "I will send you some wine;—a pleasant dawn to you, Senhores." And the host disappeared.

The time passed slowly enough to the sleepy and anxious travellers, but nothing further occurred to disturb them; and after an early breakfast, they took leave of Carvalho, and reached Leiria without any other adventure. And well was it for them that they attended to the warning of the portly landlord, as he turned out to be no less a person than the lieutenant of the band, and consequently spoke from excellent authority. It was, nevertheless, a singular trait of character, that, robber as he was, this man respected the lives and property of his guests while under his own roof, although he would have made no effort to preserve either when once the travellers had passed his threshold. It was precisely what one would have expected in an Arab.

We heard several anecdotes of this man, which made me curious to see him; and on our return from Coimbra my curiosity was gratified. Although his connexion with the regularly-organised banditti who infest the Calçada, or rather the woods bordering on it, from Lisbon to Oporto, was as notorious as his calling as an innkeeper, yet the authorities dared not molest him: he would have been fearfully avenged; and they were well aware of the fact. Indeed, their tolerating a mere individual is the less extraordinary when it is remembered that there are towns and villages, such as Thomar and Redinha, which are well known to be almost entirely peopled by the families of these worthy wood-rangers, and which are, nevertheless, permitted to remain as head-quarters to the troop, without being subjected to any *surveillance* or interference whatever on the part of the police or magistrates.

While I am on this subject, I may as well mention, that in the event of travellers, unattended by any guard, being desirous to prosecute their journey without an encounter with some of these free-woodsmen, it is necessary for them to procure their post-chaises or mules from particular individuals in Lisbon, or the towns on the road; when the driver of the carriage, or the courier who rides the second mule, are invariably in correspondence with the band, if it should even chance that they be not members of it. The spies, who are in ambush by the road-side, know the signal of their comrade, and do not leave their lurking-places; and while the traveller continues under the charge of this man, he is as safe as though he were seated at his own hearth, unless he should be personally obnoxious to any individual of the band—thus practically illustrating the old adage of "honour among thieves."

I know an instance, where a friend of ours, who had resided many years in the country, and had married a

Portuguese lady, while on his way from Oporto to Leiria, suddenly pulled up his mule, to direct the attention of his courier to the body of a man which lay in the road-side with the head nearly severed from the body.

"Go on," said the man, quietly; "you must look straight forward; I will overtake you in five minutes."

The traveller did as he was desired, and within the stated time he was again joined by the courier, who was singing the constitutional hymn of Dom Pedro at the very top of his lungs, to the accompaniment of his mule's clatter on the rough calcada. "They did their work dirtily, the rascals!" he remarked, as he pulled up beside Mr. ——, and began to adjust his scarlet sash, which had been displaced by his exertions: "to leave the thick-skull lying there for me to remove, when, had they rolled him quietly into the ditch, as I have done, the wolves would have disposed of him at once. He is warm yet, the ape's-face! but he is dead enough."

The same gentleman received a letter directed to him at Leiria, from a man whom he well knew to be one of the leaders of the band, in which he was informed that it was well known to the banditti that he contemplated a journey to Oporto, where he was to receive a large sum of money, and that consequently he was in good case to lend them ten moidores, of which they were much in want, having experienced a very unprofitable season. The letter indicated the spot where he was to deposit the money, which would be secured by a man on the watch for him, and assured him that it should be returned on a particular day; but that, in the event of his declining to comply with their request, he had better not venture to travel by that or any other road in Portugal, as he would never reach the end of his journey while there was a quick eye and

a sharp blade in the woods! What was to be done? The wife of Mr. —— was possessed of considerable landed property—Portugal was the country of his adoption—and he well knew that if the banditti could boast no other virtue, they were at least well known never to falsify their threats. He went to Oporto: and when on his return he reached the spot appointed by his correspondent, he quietly dismounted, and deposited his ten moidores as he had been directed. It need scarcely be remarked that he entertained not the slightest hope of ever seeing them again.

The day arrived on which the robber had promised in his letter to repay the money; but Mr. —— had so little faith in the promise, that he did not even remember the fact. At dusk, however, one of his servants informed him that a muleteer wished to speak to the Senhor. He was accordingly shown up stairs, and entered the apartment as unconcernedly as though he had been the parish priest. Mr. —— looked at him, and, perceiving that he was a stranger, inquired his business.

"It is this," he said respectfully, as he counted out ten moidores on the table. "This was the day appointed, and I come to return with thanks what was so trustingly lent. If the Senhor is ever pushed for money, let him leave a letter where he deposited these coins the other day; we will help him if we can. Do me the honour to throw me at the feet of your lady." And having so said, he drew his hat lower on his brow, and sprang down the stairs.

I need scarcely say that Mr. —— never availed himself of this extraordinary offer of service; but the banditti were by no means so scrupulous, as they frequently applied to him for assistance; and in no one instance did they ever break their faith.

# ADVENTURE IN A FRENCH COUNTRY INN.

Monsieur de Conange, on a wandering excursion which he was making with a friend through one of the French provinces, found it necessary one night to take refuge from a storm, in an inn which had little else to recommend it but that the host was well known to Monsieur de Conange. This man had all the inclination in the world to accommodate the travellers to their satisfaction, but unfortunately, he possessed not the power. The situation was desolate, and the few chambers the house contained were already occupied by other travellers. There remained unengaged only a single parlour on the ground floor, with a closet adjoining, with which, inconvenient as they were, Monsieur de Conange and his friend were obliged to content themselves. The closet was prepared with a very uninviting bed for the latter, while they supped together in the parlour, where it was decided Monsieur de Conange was to sleep. As they purposed departing very early in the morning, they soon retired to their separate beds, and ere long, fell into a profound sleep. Short, however, had been Monsieur de Conange's repose, when he was disturbed by the voice of his fellow traveller, crying out that something was strangling him. Though he heard his friend speak to him, he could not, for some time, sufficiently rouse himself from his drowsiness or awake to a full sense of the words his friend had uttered. That it was in a voice of distress he now perfectly understood, and he called anxiously to inquire what was the matter. No answer was returned, no sound was heard: all was as still as death. Now seriously alarmed, Monsieur de Conange threw himself out of bed, and taking up his candle,

proceeded to the closet. What was his horror and astonishment when he beheld his friend lying senseless beneath the strangling grasp of a dead man, loaded with chains! The cries of distress which this dreadful sight called forth, soon brought the host to his assistance, whose fear and astonishment acquitted him of being in any way an actor in the tragic scene before them. It was, however, a more pressing duty to endeavour at recovering the senseless traveller, than to unravel the mysterious event which had reduced him to that state. The barber of the village was therefore immediately sent for, and in the meantime they extricated the traveller from the grasp of the man, whose hand had in death fastened on his throat with a force which rendered it difficult to unclench. While performing this, they happily ascertained that the spark of life still faintly glowed in the heart of the traveller, although wholly fled from that of his assaulter. The operation of bleeding, which the barber now arrived to perform, gave that spark new vigour, and he was shortly put to bed out of danger, and left to all that could now be of service to him—repose.

Monsieur de Conange then felt himself at liberty to satisfy his curiosity in developing the cause of this strange adventure, which was quickly effected by his host. This man informed him that the deceased was his groom, who had, within a few days, exhibited such strong proofs of mental derangement, as to render it absolutely necessary to use coercive measures, to prevent his either doing mischief to himself or others, and that he had in consequence been confined and chained in the stables; but that it was evident his fetters had proved too weak to resist the strength of frenzy, and that in liberating himself he had passed through a little door, imprudently left unlocked, which led from the saddle-room into the closet in which the traveller

slept, and had entered it to die, under such frightful circumstances, on his bed.

When, in the course of a few days, Monsieur de Conange's friend was able to converse, he acknowledged that never in his life had he suffered so much, and that he was confident, had he not fainted, madness must have been the consequence of a prolonged state of terror.

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## MARSHAL SAXE.

THE celebrated Marshal Saxe having arrived with a part of his army at a village where they were to pass the night, proposed sleeping in an apartment in an old castle, which had been long neglected, and was believed to be haunted by spectres, whose nightly yells were often heard by those who dwelt beneath its walls. It was not to be supposed that a warrior like Marshal Saxe was to be terrified by such reports from taking possession of his destined chamber. He accordingly went to bed at his usual time, but had not been long asleep before he was awoke by the most horrid noise his ears had ever heard; and while he was endeavouring to recollect himself, the door of his chamber opened, and a human figure of very large dimensions appeared at the side of his bed. The Marshal instantly discharged his pistol at the supposed spectre, which appeared to strike him, as he fell upon the floor; he then rose from his bed, and aimed a stroke of his sabre at the figure, but the blade found a resistance, and shivered in his hand. At this moment the apparition rose, and beckoned the general to follow; he obeyed the summons, and attended him to a long gallery, where a trap-door opened, and they sunk into a cavern,

which communicated with a subterraneous apartment, occupied by a band of coiners, one of whom, clad in complete armour, traversed the castle every night to deter any person from habiting it. It thus appeared that the steel had resisted the ball, and shivered the marshal's sword; but the villain was knocked down by its force, from which he, however, quickly recovered. Marshal Saxe, with his usual presence of mind, told them who he was, and laid before them the danger of detaining him, when he had a surrounding army, who would dig to the centre of the earth to find him; but, at the same time, gave them an assurance, that if they would conduct him back to his chamber, he would never relate the history of that night while it could do them harm. The coiners paid a ready obedience to his will, and he kept his word with them, till a subsequent discovery of their retreat gave him full liberty to relate this extraordinary story.

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## CLEARING A WATERFALL.

Few men have been more remarkable than General Putnam for acts of a bold and intrepid kind.

When he was pursued by General Tyron at the head of fifteen hundred men, his only method of escape was precipitating his horse down the steep declivity of the rock called Horseneck; and as none of his pursuers dared to imitate his example, he escaped.

But an act of still more daring intrepidity was his venturing to clear, in a boat, the tremendous waterfalls of Hudson's river. This was in the year 1756, when Putnam fought against the French and their allies, the Indians. He was accidentally with a boat and five men on the eastern side of the river, contiguous to

these falls. His men, who were on the opposite side informed him by signal that a considerable body of savages were advancing to surround him, and there was not a moment to lose. Three modes of conduct were at his option—to remain, fight, and be sacrificed; to attempt to pass to the other side exposed to the full shot of the enemy; or to sail down the waterfalls, with almost a certainty of being overwhelmed. These were the only alternatives. Putnam did not hesitate, and jumped into his boat at the fortunate instant, for one of his companions, who was at a little distance, was a victim to the Indians. His enemies soon arrived, and discharged their muskets at the boat before he could get out of their reach. No sooner had he escaped this danger through the rapidity of the current, than death presented itself under a more terrific form. Rocks, whose points projected above the surface of the water; large masses of timber that nearly closed the passage; absorbing gulphs, and rapid descents, for the distance of a quarter of a mile, left him no hope of escape but by a miracle. Putnam, however, placed himself at the helm, and directed it with the utmost tranquillity. His companions saw him with admiration, terror, and astonishment, avoid with the utmost address the rocks and threatening gulphs, which they every instant expected to devour him. He disappeared, rose again, and directing his course across the only passage which he could possibly make, he at length gained the even surface of the river that flowed at the bottom of this dreadful cascade. The indians were no less surprised. This miracle astonished them almost as much as the sight of the first Europeans that approached the banks of this river. They considered Putnam as invulnerable; and they thought that they should offend the great Spirit, if they attempted the life of a man that was so visibly under his immediate protection.

# GENERAL PUTNAM'S ADVENTURES WITH A WOLF.

Soon after Mr. Putnam removed to Connecticut, the wolves, then very numerous, broke into his sheep-fold, and killed seven fine sheep and goats, besides wounding many lambs and kids. This havoc was committed by a she-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had several times infested the vicinity. The young were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters; but the old one was too sagacious to come within gunshot; upon being closely pursued she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

This wolf, at length, became such an intolerable nuisance, that Mr. Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbours to hunt alternately until they could destroy her. Two, by rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known that, having lost the toes of one foot by a steel trap, she made one track shorter than the other. By this peculiarity, the pursuers recognized in a light snow the route of this destructive animal. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back in a direct course towards Pomfret, they immediately returned, and by ten o'clock the next morning, the bloodhounds had driven her into a den, about three miles from Mr. Putnam's house. The people soon collected with dogs, guns, straw, fire, and sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With these materials, several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den. The dogs came back badly wounded, and refused to return to the charge. The smoke of blazing straw had no effect; nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel the wolf to quit her retire-

ment. Wearied with such fruitless attempts, which had been continued until ten o'clock at night, Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain. He proposed to his negro servant to go down into the cavern, and shoot the wolf; but he declined the hazardous enterprise. Then it was that Mr. Putnam, declaring that he would not have a coward in his family, and angry at the disappointment, resolved himself to destroy the ferocious beast, or perish in the attempt. His neighbours strongly remonstrated against the perilous undertaking; but he, knowing that wild animals are intimidated by fire, and having provided several slips of birch bark, the only combustible material which he could obtain, that would afford light in this deep and darksome cave, prepared for his descent. Having divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and fixed a rope round his body, by which he might, at a concerted signal, be drawn from the cave, he entered head foremost with the blazing torch in his hand.

The aperture of the den, on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks, was about two feet square; thence it descended obliquely fifteen feet; then running horizontally about ten more, it ascended gradually sixteen feet towards its termination. The sides of this subterranean cavity were composed of smooth and solid rocks, which seem to have been driven from each other by some earthquake. The top and bottom were of stone, and the entrance in winter, being covered with ice, exceeding slippery. The cave was in no place high enough for a man to stand upright, nor in any part more than three feet wide.

Having groped his passage to the horizontal part of the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was silent as the tomb. None but monsters of the desert had ever before explored this solitary mansion of horror.

Mr. Putnam cautiously proceeded onwards, came to the ascent, which he mounted on his hands and knees, and then discovered the glaring eyeballs of the wolf, which was sitting at the extremity of the cavern. Startled at the sight of the fire, she gnashed her teeth, and gave a sullen growl. As soon as he had made the discovery, he gave the signal for pulling him out of the cave.

The people at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf, and supposing their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity that his shirt was stripped over his head, and his body much lacerated. After he had adjusted his clothes, and loaded his gun with nine buck shot, with a torch in one hand and his musket in the other, he descended a second time. He approached the wolf nearer than before, who assumed a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, and gnashing her teeth. At length, dropping her head between her legs, she prepared to spring on him. At this critical moment he levelled his piece and shot her in the head. Stunned with the shock, and nearly suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave. Having refreshed himself, and permitted the smoke to clear, he entered the cave a third time, when he found the wolf was dead. He took hold of her ears, and making the necessary signal, the people above, with no small exultation, drew Mr. Putnam and the wolf both out together.

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# WHITEHEAD'S FEARFUL ADVENTURE ON THE ICE.

"During the winter of 1844, being engaged in the northern part of Maine," says Mr. Whitehead, "I had much leisure to devote to the wild sports of a new country. To none of these was I more passionately addicted than to skating. The deep and sequestered lakes of this state, frozen by the intense cold of a northern winter, present a wide field to the lovers of this pastime. Often would I bind on my skates and glide away up the glittering river, and wind each mazy streamlet that flowed beneath its fetters on toward the parent ocean. Sometimes I would follow the track of a fox or otter, and run my skate along the mark he had left with his dragging tail until the trail would enter the woods. Sometimes these excursions were made by moonlight; and it was on one of these latter occasions that I had a rencontre which even now, with kind faces around me, I cannot recall without a nervous feeling.

"I had left my friend's house one evening just before dusk, with the intention of skating a short distance up the noble Kennebec, which glided directly before the door. The night was beautifully clear. A peerless moon rode through an occasional fleecy cloud, and stars twinkled from the sky and from every frost-covered tree in millions. Your mind would wonder at the light that came glinting from ice, and snow-wreath, and incrusted branches, as the eye followed for miles the broad gleam of the Kennebec, that like a jewelled zone swept between the mighty forests on its banks. And yet all was still. The cold seemed to have frozen tree, and air, and water, and every living thing that moved. Even the ringing of my skates echoed back

from the Moccasin Hill with a startling clearness, and the crackle of the ice as I passed over it in my course seemed to follow the tide of the river with lightning speed.

"I had gone up the river nearly two miles, when coming to a little stream which empties into the larger, I turned into it to explore its course. Fir and hemlock of a century's growth met overhead, and formed an archway radiant with frostwork. All was dark within; but I was young and fearless, and as I peered into an unbroken forest that reared itself on the borders of the stream, I laughed with very joyousness; my wild hurrah rang through the silent woods, and I stood listening to the echo that reverberated again and again, until all was hushed. Suddenly a sound arose—it seemed to me to come from beneath the ice; it sounded low and tremulous at first, until it ended in one wild yell. I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. Presently I heard the twigs on shore crack as though from the tread of some animal—the blood rushed to my forehead—my energies returned, and I looked around me for some means of escape.

"The moon shone through the opening at the mouth of the creek by which I had entered the forest, and considering this the best means of escape, I darted towards it like an arrow. It was hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could scarcely excel my desperate flight; yet, as I turned my head to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the underbrush at a pace nearly double in speed to my own. By this great speed, and the short yells which they occasionally gave, I knew at once that these were the much dreaded gray wolves.

"I had never met with these animals, but from

the description given of them I had little pleasure in making their acquaintance. Their untameable fierceness, and the untiring strength which seems part of their nature, render them objects of dread to every benighted traveller.

"With their long gallop they pursue their prey, never straying from the track of their victim; and as the wearied hunter thinks that he has at last outstripped them, he finds that they but waited for the evening to seize their prey.

"The bushes that skirted the shore flew past with the velocity of lightning as I dashed on in my flight to pass the narrow opening. The outlet was nearly gained; one second more and I would be comparatively safe, when my pursuers appeared on the bank above me, which here rose to the height of ten feet. There was no time for thought, so I bent my head and dashed madly forward. The wolves sprang, but miscalculating my speed, fell behind, while their intended prey glided out upon the river.

"Nature turned me towards home. The light flakes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was some distance from my pursuers, when their fierce howl told me I was still their fugitive. I did not look back—I did not feel afraid, or sorry, or glad; one thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return, and of their tears if they never should see me, and then every energy of body and mind were exerted for escape. I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days that I spent on my good skates, never thinking that they would thus prove my only means of safety. Every half minute an alternate yelp from my fierce attendants made me but too certain that they were in close pursuit. Nearer and nearer they came; I heard their feet pattering on the ice

nearer still, until I could feel their breath and hear their snuffing scent. Every nerve and muscle in my frame was stretched to the utmost tension.

"The trees along the shore seemed to dance in an uncertain light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed, yet still they seemed to hiss forth their breath with a sound truly horrible, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves, close behind, unable to stop, and as unable to turn on the smooth ice, slipped and fell, still going on far ahead; their tongues were lolling out, their white tusks glaring from their bloody mouths, their dark shaggy breasts were fleeced with foam, and as they passed me their eyes glared, and they howled with fury. The thought flashed on my mind, that by this means I could avoid them, namely, by turning aside whenever they came too near; for they, by the formation of their feet, are unable to run on ice except in a straight line.

"I immediately acted upon this plan. The wolves having regained their feet, sprang directly towards me. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream; they were already close on my back, when I glided round and dashed directly past my pursuers. A fierce yell greeted my evolution, and the wolves, slipping upon their haunches, sailed onward, presenting a perfect picture of helplessness and baffled rage. Thus I gained nearly a hundred yards at each turning. This was repeated two or three times, every moment the animals getting more excited and baffled.

"At one time, by delaying my turning too long, my sanguinary antagonists came so near that they threw the white foam over my dress as they sprang to seize me, and their teeth clashed together like the spring of a fox trap. Had my skates failed for one instant, had I tripped on a stick, or caught my foot

in a fissure of the ice, the story I am now telling would never have been told.

"I thought all the chances over; I knew where they would first take hold of me if I fell; I thought how long it would be before I died, and then there would be a search for the body that would already have its tomb; for oh! how fast man's mind traces out all the dread colours of death's picture, only those who have been near the grim original can tell.

"But I soon came opposite the house, and my hounds—I knew their deep voices—roused by the noise, bayed furiously from the kennels. I heard their chains rattle: how I wished they would break them! and then I should have protectors that would be peers to the fiercest denizens of the forest. The wolves taking the hint conveyed by the dogs, stopped in their mad career, and after a moment's consideration, turned and fled. I watched them until their forms disappeared over a neighbouring hill; then taking off my skates, wended my way to the house, with feelings which may be better imagined than described. But even yet I never see a broad sheet of ice in the moonshine, without thinking of that snuffing breath and those fearful things that followed me so closely down the frozen Kennebec."

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## VISIT TO AN INDIAN CHIEF.*

A TRANQUIL night's rest had sufficiently restored the broken-down travellers, and all hands set forward on the Indian trail. With all their eagerness to arrive within reach of succour, such was their feeble and

* Adventures of Captain Bonneville, by Irving.

emaciated condition, that they advanced but slowly. Nor is it a matter of surprise that they should almost have lost heart, as well as strength. It was now fifty-three days that they had been travelling in the midst of winter, exposed to all kinds of privations and hardships; and for the last twenty days they had been entangled in the wild and desolate labyrinths of the snowy mountains; climbing and descending icy precipices, and nearly starved with cold and hunger.

All the morning they continued following the Indian trail, without seeing a human being, and were beginning to be discouraged, when, about noon, they discovered a horseman at a distance. He was coming directly towards them; but on discovering them, suddenly reined up his steed, came to a halt, and, after reconnoitering them for a time with great earnestness, seemed about to make a cautious retreat. They eagerly made signs of peace, and endeavoured, with the utmost anxiety, to induce him to approach. He remained for some time in doubt; but at length, having satisfied himself that they were not enemies, came galloping up to them. He was a fine, haughty-looking savage, fancifully decorated, and mounted on a high-mettled steed, with gaudy trappings and equipments. It was evident that he was a warrior of some consequence among his tribe. His whole deportment had something in it of barbaric dignity; he felt, perhaps, his temporary superiority in personal array, and in the spirit of his steed, to the poor, ragged, travel-worn trappers, and their half-starved horses. Approaching them with an air of protection, he gave them his hand, and, in the Nez Percé language, invited them to his camp, which was only a few miles distant; where he had plenty to eat, and plenty of horses, and would cheerfully share his good things with them.

His hospitable invitation was joyfully accepted: he

lingered but a moment, to give directions by which they might find his camp, and then, wheeling round, and giving the reins to his mettlesome steed, was soon out of sight. The travellers followed, with gladdened hearts, but at a snail's pace; for their poor horses could scarcely drag one leg after the other. Captain Bonneville, however, experienced a sudden and singular change of feeling. Hitherto, the necessity of conducting his party, and of providing against every emergency, had kept his mind upon the stretch, and his whole system braced and excited. In no one instance had he flagged in spirit, or felt disposed to succumb. Now, however, that all danger was over, and the march of a few miles would bring them to repose and abundance, his energies suddenly deserted him; and every faculty, mental and physical, was totally relaxed. He had not proceeded two miles from the point where he had had the interview with the Nez Percé chief, when he threw himself upon the earth, without the power or will to move a muscle, or exert a thought, and sank almost instantly into a profound and dreamless sleep. His companions again came to a halt, and encamped beside him, and there they passed the night.

The following morning, Captain Bonneville awoke from his long and heavy sleep, much refreshed; and they all resumed their creeping progress. They had not been long on the march, when eight or ten of the Nez Percé tribe came galloping to meet them, leading fresh horses to bear them to their camp. Thus gallantly mounted, they felt new life infused into their languid frames, and dashing forward, were soon at the lodges of the Nez Percés. Here they found about twelve families living together, under the patriarchal sway of an ancient and venerable chief. He received them with the hospitality of the golden age, and with

something of the same kind of fare; for, while he opened his arms to make them welcome, the only repast he set before them consisted of roots. They could have wished for something more hearty and substantial; but, for want of better, made a voracious meal on these humble viands. The repast being over, the best pipe was lighted and sent round; and this was a most welcome luxury, as they had lost their smoking apparatus twelve days before, among the mountains.

While they were thus enjoying themselves, their poor horses were led to the best pastures in the neighbourhood, where they were turned loose to revel on the fresh sprouting grass; so that they had better fare than their masters.

Captain Bonneville soon felt himself quite at home among these quiet, inoffensive people. His long residence among their cousins, the Upper Nez Percés, had made him conversant with their language, modes of expression, and all their habitudes. He soon found, too, that he was well known among them, by report, at least, from the constant interchange of visits and messages between the two branches of the tribe. They at first addressed him by his name; giving him his title of captain, with a French accent: but they soon gave him a title of their own; which, as usual with Indian titles, had a peculiar signification. In the case of the captain it had somewhat of a whimsical origin.

As he sat chatting and smoking in the midst of them, he would occasionally take off his cap. Whenever he did so, there was a sensation in the surrounding circle. The Indians would half rise from their recumbent posture, and gaze upon his uncovered head, with their usual exclamation of astonishment. The worthy captain was completely bald; a phenomenon very surprising in their eyes. They were at a loss to know whether he had been scalped in battle, or en-

joyed a natural immunity from that belligerent infliction. In a little while, he became known among them by an Indian name, signifying "the bald chief." "A soubriquet," observes the captain, "for which I can find no parallel in history since the days of 'Charles the Bald!'"

Although the travellers had banqueted on roots, and been regaled with tobacco smoke, yet their stomachs craved more generous fare. In approaching the lodges of the Nez Percés, they had indulged in fond anticipations of venison and dried salmon; and dreams of the kind still haunted their imaginations, and could not be conjured down. The keen appetites of mountain trappers, quickened by a fortnight's fasting, at length got the better of all scruples of pride, and they fairly begged some fish or flesh from the hospitable savages. The latter, however, were slow to break in upon their winter store, which was very limited; but were ready to furnish roots in abundance, which they pronounced excellent food. At length, Captain Bonneville thought of a means of attaining the much coveted gratification.

He had about him, he says, a trusty plaid; an old and valued travelling companion and comforter; upon which the rains had descended, and the snows and winds beaten, without further effect than somewhat to tarnish its primitive lustre. This coat of many colours had excited the admiration, and inflamed the covetousness of both warriors and squaws, to an extravagant degree. An idea now occurred to Captain Bonneville, to convert this rainbow garment into the savoury viands so much desired. There was a momentary struggle in his mind, between old associations and projected indulgence; and his decision in favour of the latter was made, he says, with a greater promptness, perhaps, than true taste and sentiment might have required. In a few moments, his plaid cloak was cut

into numerous strips. "Of these," continues he, "with the newly developed talent of a man-milliner, I speedily constructed turbans *à la Turque*, and fanciful head-gears of divers conformations. These, judiciously distributed among such of the womenkind as seemed of most consequence and interest in the eyes of the *patres conscripti*, brought us, in a little while, abundance of dried salmon and deers' hearts, on which we made a sumptuous supper. Another, and a more satisfactory smoke succeeded this repast, and sweet slumbers, answering the peaceful invocations of our pipes, wrapped us in that delicious rest which is only won by toil and travail."

As to Captain Bonneville, he slept in the lodge of the venerable patriarch, who had evidently conceived a most disinterested affection for him, as was shown on the following morning. The travellers, invigorated by a good supper, and "fresh from the bath of repose," were about to resume their journey, when this affectionate old chief took the captain aside, to let him know how much he loved him. As a proof of his regard, he had determined to give him a fine horse, which would go further than words, and put his goodwill beyond all question. So saying, he made a signal, and forthwith a beautiful young horse, of a brown colour, was led, prancing and snorting, to the place. Captain Bonneville was suitably affected by this mark of friendship; but his experience in what is proverbially called "Indian giving," made him aware that a parting pledge was necessary on his own part, to prove that his friendship was reciprocated. He accordingly placed a handsome rifle in the hands of the venerable chief, whose benevolent heart was evidently touched and gratified by this outward and visible sign of amity.

Having now, as he thought, balanced this little

account of friendship, the captain was about to shift his saddle to this noble gift-horse, when the affectionate patriarch plucked him by the sleeve, and introduced to him a whimpering, whining, leathern-skinned old squaw, that might have passed for an Egyptian mummy, without drying. "This," said he, "is my wife; she is a good wife—I love her very much.—She loves the horse—she loves him a great deal—she will cry very much at losing him.—I do not know how I shall comfort her—and that makes my heart very sore."

What could the worthy captain do, to console the tender-hearted old squaw, and, peradventure, to save the venerable patriarch from a curtain lecture? He bethought himself of a pair of ear-bobs: it was true the patriarch's better-half was of an age and appearance that seemed to put personal vanity out of the question; but when is personal vanity extinct? The moment he produced the glittering ear-bobs, the whimpering and whining of the sempiternal beldame was at an end. She eagerly placed the precious baubles in her ears, and, though as ugly as the Witch of Endor, went off with a sidling gait, and coquettish air, as though she had been a perfect Semiramis.

The captain had now saddled his newly acquired steed, and his foot was in the stirrup, when the affectionate patriarch again stepped forward, and presented to him a young Pierced-nose, who had a peculiarly sulky look. "This," said the venerable chief, "is my son: he is very good; a great horseman—he always took care of this very fine horse—he brought him up from a colt, and made him what he is.—He is very fond of this fine horse—he loves him like a brother—his heart will be very heavy when this fine horse leaves the camp."

What could the captain do, to reward the youthful hope of this venerable pair, and comfort him for the

loss of his foster-brother, the horse? He bethought him of a hatchet, which might be spared from his slender stores. No sooner did he place the implement in the hands of young hopeful, than his countenance brightened up, and he went off rejoicing in his hatchet, to the full as much as did his respectable mother in her ear-bobs.

The captain was now in the saddle, and about to start, when the affectionate old patriarch stepped forward, for the third time, and, while he laid one hand gently on the mane of the horse, held up the rifle in the other. "This rifle," said he, "shall be my great medicine. I will hug it to my heart—I will always love it, for the sake of my good friend, the bald-headed chief.—But a rifle, by itself, is dumb—I cannot make it speak. If I had a little powder and ball, I would take it out with me, and would now and then shoot a deer; and when I brought the meat home to my hungry family, I would say—This was killed by the rifle of my friend, the bald-headed chief, to whom I gave that very fine horse."

There was no resisting this appeal: the captain, forthwith, furnished the coveted supply of powder and ball; but, at the same time, put spurs to his very fine gift-horse, and the first trial of his speed was to get out of all further manifestation of friendship on the part of the affectionate old patriarch and his insinuating family.

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# THE SKELETON OF THE WRECK.

While Sir Michael Seymour was in the command of the Amethyst frigate, and was cruizing in the Bay of Biscay, the wreck of a merchant ship drove past. Her deck was just above water; her lower mast alone standing. Not a soul could be seen on board; but there was a cub-house on deck, which had the appearance of having been recently patched with old canvas and tarpauling, as if to afford shelter to some forlorn remnant of the crew. It blew at this time a strong gale; but Sir Michael, listening only to the dictates of humanity, ordered the ship to be put about, and sent off a boat with instructions to board the wreck, and ascertain whether there was any being still surviving whom the help of his fellow man might save from the grasp of death. The boat rowed towards the drifting mass, and while struggling with the difficulty of getting through a high running sea close alongside, the crew shouting all the time as loud as they could, an object resembling in appearance a bundle of clothes, was observed to roll out of the cub-house against the lee shrouds of the mast. With the end of a boat-hook they managed to get hold of it, and hauled it into the boat, when it proved to be the trunk of a man, head and knees bent together, and so wasted away as scarce to be felt within the ample clothes which had once fitted it in a state of life and strength. The boat's crew hastened back to the Amethyst with this miserable remnant of mortality; and so small was it in bulk, that a lad of fourteen years of age was able, with his own hands, to lift it into the ship. When placed on deck, it showed for the first time, to the astonishment of all, signs of remaining life. It tried to move, and next moment muttered, in a hollow sepulchral tone,

"There is another man." The instant these words were heard, Sir Michael ordered the boat to shove off again for the wreck. The sea having now become somewhat smoother, they succeeded this time in boarding the wreck; and on looking into the cub-house, they found two other human bodies, wasted, like the one they had saved, to the very bones, but without the least spark of life remaining. They were sitting in a shrunk-up posture, a hand of one resting on a tin pot, in which there was about a gill of water; and a hand of the other reaching to the deck, as if to regain a bit of raw salt beef, of the size of a walnut, which had dropped from its nerveless grasp. Unfortunate men! They had starved on their scanty store, till they had not strength remaining to lift the last morsel to their mouths. The boat's crew having completed their melancholy survey, returned on board, where they found the attention of the ship's company engrossed by the efforts made to preserve the generous skeleton, who seemed to have had just life enough left to breathe the remembrance that there was still "another man," his companion in suffering, to be saved. Captain Seymour committed him to the special charge of the surgeon, who spared no means which humanity or skill could suggest, to achieve the noble object of revivifying, as it were, a fellow creature, whom famine had stripped of almost every living energy. For three weeks he scarcely ever left his patient, giving him nourishment with his own hand every five or ten minutes; and at the end of three weeks more, the "skeleton of the wreck" was seen walking on the deck of the Amethyst; and, to the surprise of all who recollected that he had been lifted into the ship by a cabin boy, presented the stately figure of a man nearly six feet high!

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## A SNOW ADVENTURE IN ENGLAND.

LONESOME and dreary are many of the places which the old carrier has to pass in the winter,—the lengthy road between the dark plantations, which were infested with robbers a score years ago; and the weary moorland, with its solitary sheet of water, which looks as black as ink, when the surrounding scenery is covered over with snow; and the great frozen reeds and rushes stand up stiffly with their sharp edges; the water flags looking as if they would cut through you; and the bushes that bénd over the pools have a cold, white, forbidding look, making you feel that if you were to fall into the water, you would hardly like to lay hold of their chilly-frozen snow-covered sprays, to pull yourself out again, so freezingly cold do they appear. And the old man feels all this, when he is returning home by himself on a winter's night; and he has been heard to remark, that both the plantation and the edge of the moorland, would be nasty places for a man to take up his night's lodging in, when the snow lies deep upon the ground. And on dark nights he hangs his lantern at the front of his cart; and if the sky is clear, and the air free from fog, and you should happen to be standing upon some distant eminence, you can see the light, which moves so slow that for a long time you fancy it is stationary; and when satisfied that it does move, and are aware what light it is, you then begin to wonder at what hour of the night he will reach home. And sometimes the valley we have described as being covered with snow is flooded, and unless the waters should be out to what he terms "hedge-height depth," he still continues his journeys on the market days, for every hedge, and tree, and post are to him true landmarks; and so accustomed is he to the road, that he seldom swerves a yard

from it; and when there are no objects on either hand to guide him, he keeps his eye steadfastly fixed on some well-known point in the distance, so that he can tell by the depth his horses are in the water whether or not they are keeping about the middle of the highway. When he has had an extra pint of ale, he will sometimes make a boast in the village alehouse that he could find his way to Market-Raisen blindfolded; and there is little doubt but what he could: as for his horses, they have gone on miles by themselves, many a time, while he was asleep in his cart; but then, as he said, "they never went any other way in their lives." A knowing old man is the Village Carrier.

Though it happened many years ago, that old carrier will never forget the dreadful snow-storm, which in one night covered the valley to a frightful depth, and was driven by the wind against the long line of hills, where it gathered drift upon drift, in many an up-piled range, until it looked as if a new upland had arisen, long, high, and deep, the gathering together of many a wind-whirled wreath of snow. It was the last Saturday night before Christmas-day, when he was returning home on his journey from the distant market-town; and as he quitted the last few houses, and exchanged a "good night" with such of the inhabitants as he knew, many looked up to the sky, and remarked that there would be a heavy fall of snow before morning, for not a star was visible in the sky, nor could you tell where the moon was, although it was at the full. He had with him in the cart a young girl, about fourteen years of age, who was going home to spend the Christmas with her widowed mother. She knew when she reached the carrier's house her little brother would be there to meet her; and she thought how easily they would carry the light box between them, and how soon they should walk over the two miles of ground which

would bring them to her mother's cottage, which stood at the bottom of the steep, hilly lane. The boy was at the carrier's house long before she arrived, and many a wistful glance did he cast at the door, as it was opened and shut, every now and then, by the woman, who began to feel uneasy about her husband, as it was past the time at which he usually arrived. She had several times remarked, "Oh, what a night!" as she resumed her seat beside the fire, facing the boy: he made no answer, but sat watching the snow-flakes which had been drifted in by the eddying wind, as they melted one by one, upon the warm and cheerful hearth.

"You will never be able to walk home to-night," said the carrier's wife, "you will both have to stay here until morning; we can manage to make shift somehow."

The boy looked at her a few moments in silence, then said, "Not go home to-night! Mother told me she should sit up for us, if it was ever so late before we came."

Just then a loud gust of wind struck the side of the house, as if it would level it to the ground, and blew the door wide open; and in a few moments, the whole of the floor was white over with snow. The boy rose from his seat to latch the door more securely; and ere he sat down, said, "I should like to go and meet them, if you thought it wouldn't be far: Etty has never been home but once since Whitsuntide, and that was only one day at the feast."

But the woman dissuaded him from going, and told him that Etty would be warm enough amidst the straw at the bottom of the tilted cart. This seemed to pacify the boy a little, and he ate a mouthful or two of the bread and cheese which she had cut him, then laid the rest upon the table. At another time he would have

finished it all in about five minutes, but now he was uneasy, through thinking about his sister and his mother. Meantime the carrier had reached the high hilly road, which led in a direct line to his own door. He had persuaded his youthful passenger to get out, and walk beside him, without telling her why he did so; but such was the force of the wind that he expected every moment his cart would be blown over, and then he thought that some of the heavy boxes or hampers might fall upon her and injure her; so he held the horse, and led it with one hand, while with the other he took hold of the little girl, and thus they measured their slow steps through the keen, cutting wind, and the heavy falling snow. The candle had long stood at the little end-window of the house: and, as the carrier's eye first caught it in the distance, he said, "See, there it is!" for, as it threw out its rays upon the night, it seemed like a bright burning star amid the dreary desolation of that wintry landscape. The careful housewife had placed a pair of shoes, and a coat before the fire, and the kettle had so long sung to itself upon the hob, that the boy wondered a dozen times to himself whether or not it would give over. None but an ear accustomed to the lightest change of sound would have heard the noise of those muffled wheels, as they came along slowly, and heavily, through the snow; and when she jumped up, and rushed to the door exclaiming, "Here they come!" the boy also rose up, and, listening with his head aside, said, "I don't hear 'em;" but when he got to the door, he could see a dark mass of something moving towards him, through the drifted snow.

The little girl was first carefully attended to, and seated in the warmest place beside the fire, and then the carrier's wife helped her husband to bring in the boxes and parcels, which were placed upon the floor:

the wind rushing in with such force all the time, that it made the bright toasting-forks, and ladles, and bridles, and bits, and stirrups, which hung up against the opposite wall, jingle one against the other. A few words had passed between the carrier and his wife outside the door, and he came in, as if to warm his hands, while his real intention was to persuade the children to remain all night: but the girl's answer was so earnest, and so full of feeling, when she said that she knew how unhappy her mother would be, and as for herself, she should not be able to sleep a moment, that it became painful to press her further, for she had a hundred reasons for going, and not one for remaining behind. The hardy boy also mustered up courage to speak, and said, that they were not made of salt, and so could not melt away; and as for the road, that was easy to find.

"Well," said the carrier, shrugging up his shoulders, "I will not force you to stay; and, since you are so bent upon going, I will take you to the end of Foss-Dyke-lane, before I unharness my horses; it will save you a mile."

They both kindly entreated of him not to do so; he would have to come back by himself, they said, and they should soon be there; but on this point he was resolute, and buttoning up his coat again, which he had unloosened for a few moments, he went outside, wiped the snow from off the horses, put the children with the little box inside the cart, saying to his wife as he departed, "I shall not be long," and again resumed his journey.

The high range of hills along which he now passed was called the Cliff, or Scar; if you stood on the steep acclivity on a clear day, and looked down into the valley, you saw ledge below ledge, which told you how the ocean, ages ago, had ebbed, and then remained

stationary, then rolled away again, and again stood still, until it once more emptied its waters somewhere out at the mouth of that vast valley, then paused, until a new table-land was formed; for so was the whole slope, from the summit of the cliff left, in wavy ridges, and steep level embankments, for miles and miles along; and now over all these the snow had drifted from that wide unsheltered valley, and still kept gathering in vast heaps everywhere, saving upon the road where our travellers journeyed; for from the highway it was blown onward, to the foot of other, and more distant hills.

At the end of the lane, the carrier left his passengers, bidding them be sure to take care, and keep on in a direct course; for he knew that they were scarcely a mile from their mother's cottage: and after he had gone, the children went cheerfully along their way, with the snow beating in their faces, carrying the little box between them. As the wind blew direct from the village to which they were journeying, they heard the church clock strike eleven, and the boy said, "In another half-hour we shall see mother." The road was all down hill, and as the snow added much to the lightness of the night, they found no other difficulty than in its depth, for the first quarter of a mile, so went on keeping the centre of the road. As they proceeded further, to where the hilly way dipped down more abruptly, they remarked to each other, that the hedges on either hand were more than half hidden, and they went onward and onward until the snow covered them midway, and they found that, light as the box was, holding it up so high made it very heavy; and when the tops of the hedges were no longer visible, and they could only see the dark outline of some tree, whose stem was already buried, it was then that they paused, and looked at one another—and Etty, heaving a deep

sigh, said, "We shall never get home to-night!" The boy stood upon the box, and looking over the scene, said, "I can see the three elms that hang over mother's cottage, but Father Ingram's five-barred gate, which I know we are close upon, is covered with snow, and that is just as high as my head, for I measured myself there last summer, when I was minding the corn—dear Etty, what will mother do for us?" But Etty was seated upon the box, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing aloud; the boy sat beside his sister, and taking hold of her hand said, "Don't cry so, Etty, let us say our prayers—you know mother told us, that God could do everything." Etty said she would not cry, and rising up, placed her hand upon his shoulder, and mounting upon the box, exclaimed—"I can see lights moving about where the elm-trees stand; perhaps it is that poor mother has set out to meet us, and is lost, and they are seeking for her in the snow." And as she spoke, the picture rose so vividly before her youthful imagination, as in fancy she saw her dear widowed mother dragged out from under the deep snow-drift, pale, and cold, and stiff, and dead, that she unconsciously uttered a loud shriek, and fell as if lifeless among the high piled drift. The brave little brother forgot all about his own safety, while he tried to restore his sister, and as he knelt over her, and took off his cap to make a pillow for her head, while the tears followed each other in rapid succession down his hardy cheeks, his heart sunk within him; for although he called "Etty! Etty!" in every endearing and plaintive tone, she made no answer; and when he kissed her he found her lips cold as death; and as he raised her arm for a moment, it again dropped by her side, motionless, resting just where it fell. His first act was to jump up, and plunge headlong into the snow in the direction of home, to fetch his mother.

But a few yards before him the road went down sheer and deep: it was the steepest part of that hilly lane; and after struggling overhead in the snow for a minute or two, he found his way back to his unconscious sister, and sitting down beside her, wrung his hands and wept aloud. But even in that bleak and bitter night, God's good angels were abroad, and walking the earth; and it might be that the prayers of those children had drawn to the spot one of the invisible messengers; for, who can tell how many "ministering spirits" are ever waiting there to do the Almighty's bidding? And, perhaps, one of these stood in the highway, unseen by the carrier, and prevented his horses from moving further, even as an angel stopped the ass on which Balaam rode. For thrice did the horses halt within a brief space of time; and as the carrier's heart had for some time smote him, for leaving the children at the end of the lane to find their way home by themselves, he resolved to turn back; he did so, and the horses seemed again to move along cheerfully. "Something told me," said the carrier afterwards, "that the children were in danger; and the instant the horses went so freely along of their own accord, I knew it was so; and from that moment I started to go back, my heart felt lighter, and I seemed to breathe more freely—as for the snow and wind, I scarcely felt either."

The drift was settling fast down, and covering over the two children; for deep, heart-breaking sorrow had so benumbed every other feeling in the poor boy, that, as he sat holding the cold, lifeless hand of his sister within his own, he felt not the snow gathering over him—felt not the big white flakes as they settled down upon his naked head, melting, at first, one by one, until a few remained, and others came faster and faster—he felt them not,—as he bent over the form of

his dear sister; even his sobbing became less audible, and a dull, drowsy feeling was unconsciously creeping over him—that cold sleep which many a benighted traveller has sunk under, never more to wake again.

Presently there came a sound as if driven back through the wind—it approached nearer; he heard the creaking of wheels; then the jingling of harness—that sound had saved them both from death; he sprang up, raised his sister in his arms, strained his eyes, and looked forward; then the wind came with another long, deep howl; it passed on, and the same sounds were heard again; he caught the "gee-whoop" of the carrier—he could not be far off, there were not many yards between them; he shouted, and received an answer; both cart and horses were fast, and he heard the heavy plod, plod, of the carrier, as he came along by himself, for his cart and horses could make no further progress along the deep, hilly, snow-covered lane. The kind-hearted old carrier took the girl in his arms, as if she had been but a mere child, and placed her upon the straw at the bottom of the cart; and while he was endeavouring to restore her, his wife came up, for she also had begun to feel uneasy, and said, that had she met her husband, she was determined to persuade him to turn back, and see whether the children had arrived in safety at home. They returned to the carrier's house, and Etty was soon in a warm, sound sleep, for she felt easier after she had knelt down and prayed for her mother. Nor had she been asleep more than an hour, when a loud knocking was heard at the door. A man had come all the way round by the low road, which ran along the middle of the valley, and was five or six miles further than the nearest way, which was now impassable. All this way had that kind-hearted man come, that he might gather tidings of the safety of the children. For their mother

had fainted away many times during that awful night; and although kind neighbours attended upon her, yet they could afford her no comfort; and it was not until this poor labourer volunteered to go, and see what had befallen them, that she could be pacified. The carrier got up, and persuaded him to take one of the best horses in his stable, and make all the speed he could back, by the round-about, low road, where the snow had not gathered in deep drifts, and to tell the fond mother that both her children were safe. But nothing could dissuade the brave boy from accompanying him; so he was at last allowed to ride behind, for he said, "When my mother sees me, she will know that Etty is safe, or I should never leave her." They reached home in about two hours in safety, and brought comfort to the sad heart of the disconsolate mother. The little box was not found until after many days, when the snow had melted away; and there are those yet living who well remember that night. Etty heard the village bells ringing for church, as, accompanied by the honest carrier, she entered her home; what her feelings were when she remembered, how, from that church-tower she heard the clock strike eleven on the previous night, I cannot tell you, but her eyes were filled with tears, as she raised her sweet face, and looked at the old carrier, while with her finger she pointed to the village church.

MILLER'S COUNTRY YEAR BOOK.

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# SNOW ADVENTURES IN GERMANY.—SLEDGING.

SOME of the sledges, especially in the chief cities, are very gay indeed. They are of various shapes, but resemble the bodies of chariots, phaetons, gigs, &c., set on sledge-bars. Some of them are very gaily and others very gaudily painted, richly cushioned, and furnished with aprons of the shaggy skins of wild beasts, as bears, wolves, foxes, and deer. Their sledge-bars sweep up in a fine curve, and meet high before, bearing on their summit some figure—a pine-apple, a fir-cone, a lion's head, an eagle with outspread wings, or a human figure. The horses are covered with cloths of gay colours, which are stitched all over with little bells; and bells are generally hung on the sledges too.

Besides the handsome ones, many an old-fashioned affair comes forth, down to the bauer's or peasant's sledge, which is his old wicker-basket wagon-body, on a few poles rudely knocked together. Everything that is a vehicle of conveyance becomes a sledge. Wheel-barrows disappear, and become sledge-barrows. Every thing that was before carried now becomes drawn. Tubs, baskets, bundles, all are on sledges, and are travelling the streets and roads. Every boy has his sledge, too, made of a few boards nailed together, on which he is flying down the hill sides with the utmost velocity. Wherever there is a bit of a descent in a street, or in the country, down it are going little sledges, with one or more children on each of them. Boys and girls draw one another along the streets and highways at full speed on these little vehicles; every-where you see them in motion, and they afford a world of amusement. If a heap of rubbish has been thrown to some place outside the town, or by the river side,

covered with snow, it becomes a sledge-bank for the lads, and they go down places so steep and uneven that you expect to see them every moment thrown head over heels; but no such thing—away they go as light and free as birds on the wing; and when they get to the end of their course, pick up their sledge and carry it back to the top again.

But it is not only the children that delight in sledging; the grown Germans are as much children in this respect as any of them. They partake with northern nations in all their fondness for sledging. Sledges are driving about everywhere, filled with merry faces, and attended by loud cracking of whips. They make also large sledging parties, which are matters of much excitement and great display, as well as of very particular etiquette. Young gentlemen will engage young ladies for a drive in a sledging party, or *Schlitten-fahrt-partie*, for three months before. Great is the arranging, the planning, the cogitation, while a party is in preparation. The acquaintance that shall be asked to join in it; the choice of ladies by the gentlemen; the number of sledges and outriders that they shall sport; the place to which they shall drive; and whether they shall have torches to return by or not. All parties enter into the scheme with heart and soul, and much anxiety is felt lest any change in the weather, a sudden thaw, or a fierce snow-storm, should prevent it.

The sledging parties in the country are often still more lusty, if not so gay. The rich bauers or farmers in the upper Rhinelands, and other parts, are excessively fond of these excursions, and with sledges that will hold at least twenty people, will, in winter, drive about for whole days together. The gentry, in some parts of Germany, will, with much joviality, make use of the same capacious vehicles, and set on foot parties to some place of resort. The trouble in the

country to get these together, and the ludicrous accidents that occur to them, afford subject of much entertainment. In the kingdom of Wirtemberg, the *wirths*, or landlords of the inns, are especially obliging. If you stop merely at their doors while your driver gives his horses some bread and water, they feel much annoyed if you will not honour their house by going in. If you want nothing, they don't trouble themselves about that. They will do you any little service they can, just as much as if you had spent a large sum with them. At Waldenbuch, not far from Stuttgard, we stopped at the door of one of these good-natured men. We had recently breakfasted, and as we wanted nothing, and the driver said he would not stay long, we proposed to sit in the carriage for the time. The wirth, a tall and very respectable-looking man—for the wirths are generally men of a tolerable education, and often hold a rank with the smaller gentry of the neighbourhood—came and begged us to alight. We explained to him that we wanted nothing, and therefore did not wish to trouble them by going in and out. He appeared much disappointed; said it was of no consequence whether we took anything or nothing, but he hoped we would honour his house by entering it. As we, however, respectfully persisted in remaining in the carriage, he went away, but soon came again, and with much earnestness besought us to alight. If we would not go in, we ought at least to see the country; and there was an old ducal castle, too, that we ought to see, and if we would permit him, he would have much pleasure in being our guide. This disinterested kindness it would have been most uncourteous to decline. With many thanks we alighted; and the good-hearted Suabian, calling for his hat and his cane—for he did not think his ordinary cap which he had on sufficiently in dress to appear openly with strangers—led the way.

But our worthy wirth has been introduced here for his sledging party. In the stables of the castle he tapped with his cane on a very capacious sledge, and breaking into laughter, said, "That is mine. Aha! I cannot see it without laughing. If you had but been here at a sledging party that we had last winter! The forest-master and the clergyman were always saying that *we* could not get up a genteel sledging party here. That other places could do it, but that *we* had not here any respectable materials to compose one of. I determined to try. I took my sledge and drove round. I went here and there. I got together the amtman, the clergyman, and the physician of the next dorf, the collector of the land taxes, the steward, the master of the forests, and their families. We made a most imposing party. In this, my sledge, were stowed sixteen souls. I drove, and we took the lead. All went well. We drove out far into the country. The air was clear, though sharp, and all were in the highest spirits. My horses were full of life; and as I led the way at a great rate, I heard behind me a loud sound of mirth, and laughter, and gossip. But unluckily, as we passed along a part of the way which hung over the valley below, the snow had drifted over a precipice of at least a dozen feet high, and hung in great round rolls and wreaths. My horses at this critical spot suddenly took fright, and became restive. I endeavoured to whip them sharply forward, but, spite of all my exertions, they backed and backed till one side of the sledge was over the precipice. There was a sudden and astounding shriek, not only from those in the sledge, but from those in the sledges behind, as they saw it toppling over. I leaped out to seize the horses by the reins and drag them forward, but it was in part too late. The cries from all the party rose more wildly than before; and, glancing at the sledge, I saw one after another of

its load disappear over the precipice. Amongst them was a little boy of mine, only about four years old. As I saw him plunge down over the precipice I lost all self-command, and all thought of everything else. I ran in distraction towards the nearest point where I could descend into the valley, crying, 'Oh! my child! my child! my child is killed!' I plunged frantically down a deep descent—I rushed like a maniac to the spot where the child and the others had fallen. There were four or five men and women already scrambling out of the snow heaps, and crying, and shaking themselves in the middle of the way. As I drew near, all at once broke out furiously—'Oh! what have you done? This is your fine sledging party! Oh! you have killed us—you have lamed us for life!' 'Cursed stuff!' I exclaimed, raging; 'my child! my child! where is he? He perishes—he is smothering in the snow!' I sprang into the drifts—I caught a sight of his red worsted glove—I seized it—I grasped his arm—I drew him out! He was already black and blue in the face; but presently a gush of blood started from his nose, and he set up a most vigorous yell. He had fallen with his nose and eye against a stump or a stone, and I found that his eye was seriously injured. One man near me exclaimed—'Oh! I have broken my arm!' 'Never mind your arm!' I exclaimed. 'What does your arm signify? My child's eye is knocked out!' As soon as I was satisfied the child was not actually dead or dying, nor seriously hurt, I looked about to discover if any one else was yet in the snow, and presently I espied a pair of great old boots standing up in the drift, the head and body of whose possessor had disappeared downwards in the snow. I had known these boots too many years not to recognise them in an instant. The old doctor of the next village was there lying head foremost. Much as I was

concerned for him, and loudly as I called on those who had already got out to come to his help, there was something so ludicrous in his situation that I could not for the life avoid bursting into loud laughter, as with all our might we grasped the old boots and dragged out their owner. It was some time before we could wipe away the snow out of his face, and set him on a great stone to recover his breath. For awhile he gasped and panted; and when we asked him how he felt, did not even answer by a shake of his head, but looked wildly and angrily about him. At length he rose suddenly from the stone, cast the most savage glances at me, and with much panting and catching of his breath, said to me, 'There! you have done for me with your abominable sledging party. You have cut me off in the middle of my days.' The worthy old man was already upwards of eighty, and the idea of his being cut off in the middle of his days was too much even for those who had themselves but just got out of the snow, and were therefore not in the best of humours. A general laugh arose, at which the old gentleman looked highly indignant, and marched off in great scorn. But if we were merry at the old gentleman's sally, how much was this increased when, hearing a cry for help somewhere over our heads, we looked up and beheld a big man suspended by his coat-laps in the boughs of a tree which stretched over the precipice. It was the steward. There he was suspended, and his legs quivering like a bird in a springe, being neither able to reach hold of anything with his hands, nor to drop down into the snow. At this sight our laughter grew tenfold. We were absolutely disabled from flying to his assistance; but our noise brought some of the other party to the brow of the precipice to see what was the matter, where they beheld the cause of our entertainment. There was an instant call from them

to the rest above to come and look. All that dared, flocked forward, till they could see the poor steward dangling like a scarecrow in the tree. At this nobody could forbear laughing—all broke out; and above and below the poor fellow heard our unnatural mirth, as it must have seemed to him. A light active youth, however, soon scrambled into the tree, and cutting away several small boughs, down plumped the steward into the snow.

"Nobody was really hurt, except it was myself, on whom all joined in heaping the bitterest reproaches: first, for having so zealously advocated and brought about this party; and secondly, for driving on a road so dangerous, though this latter matter had been the choice of others, not mine. By the time that we reached home, nevertheless, all had recovered their good humour, and were more inclined to laugh at the ludicrous parts of the adventure than to regret what had happened, except the worthy old doctor. He cast most cutting looks and speeches at many of us, but more especially at me, over his dinner and his wine, and persisted that we had done for him, and had actually cut him off in the middle of his days. The worthy old man yet lives, however; though he never has, and never will, forgive our laughter."

W. Howitt.

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## SNOW ADVENTURES IN SCOTLAND.*

Of all the storms that ever Scotland witnessed, or I hope ever will again behold, there is none of them that can at all be compared with the memorable 24th of January, 1794, which fell with such peculiar violence

* By James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd."

on that division of the south of Scotland that lies between Crawford-muir and the border.

To relate all the particular scenes of distress that occurred during this tremendous hurricane is impossible—a volume would not contain them. I shall, therefore, in order to give a true picture of the storm, merely relate what I saw, and shall in nothing exaggerate.

I went to my bed in the stable loft, where I slept with a neighbour shepherd, named Borthwick; but though fatigued I could not close an eye, so that I heard the first burst of the storm, which commenced between one and two, with a fury that no one can conceive who does not remember it. Besides, the place where I lived being exposed to two or three gathered winds, as they are called by shepherds, the storm raged there with redoubled ferocity. It began all at once, with such a tremendous roar, that I imagined it was a peal of thunder, until I felt the house trembling to its foundation. In a few minutes I went and thrust my naked arm through a hole in the roof, in order, if possible, to ascertain what was going on without, for not a ray of light could I see. I could not then, nor can I yet, express my astonishment. So completely was the air overloaded with falling and driving snow, that but for the force of the wind, I felt as if I had thrust my arm into a wreath of snow. I lay still for about an hour, in hopes that it might prove only a temporary hurricane; but hearing no abatement of its fury, I awakened Borthwick, and bade him get up, for it was come on such a night, or morning, as never blew from the heavens. He was not long in obeying, for as soon as he heard the turmoil, he started from his bed, and in one minute, throwing on his clothes, he hasted down the ladder, and opened the door, where he stood for a good while, uttering excla-

mations of astonishment. The door where he stood was not above fourteen yards from the door of the dwelling-house, but a wreath was already amassed between them, as high as the walls of the house—and in trying to get round or through this, Borthwick lost himself, and could neither find the house nor his way back to the stable, and in about six minutes after, I heard him calling my name, in a shrill desperate tone of voice, at which I could not refrain from laughing immoderately, notwithstanding the dismal prospect that lay before us: for I heard, from his cries, where he was. He had tried to make his way over the top of a large dunghill, but going to the wrong side, had fallen over, and wrestled long among snow, quite over the head. I did not think proper to move to his assistance, but lay still, and shortly after heard him shouting at the kitchen door for instant admittance; I kept my bed for about three quarters of an hour longer; and then, on reaching the house with much difficulty, found our master, the ploughman, Borthwick, and the two servant maids, sitting round the kitchen fire, with looks of dismay, I may almost say despair. We all agreed at once, that the sooner we were able to reach the sheep, the better chance we had to save a remnant; and as there were eight hundred excellent ewes, all in one lot, but a long way distant, and the most valuable lot of any on the farm, we resolved to make a bold effort to reach them. Our master made family worship, a duty he never neglected; but that morning, the manner in which we manifested our trust and confidence in Heaven was particularly affecting. We took our breakfast—stuffed our pockets with bread and cheese—sewed our plaids around us—tied down our hats with napkins coming below our chins—and each taking a strong staff in his hand, we set out on the attempt.

No sooner was the door closed behind us than we lost sight of each other—in fact it was impossible for a man to see his hand held up before him, it being still two hours till day. We had no means of keeping together but by following to one another's voices, nor of working our way save by groping with our staves before us. It soon appeared to me a hopeless attempt, for, ere ever we got clear of the houses and haystacks, we had to roll ourselves over two or three wreaths which it was impossible to wade through; and all the while the wind and drift were so violent, that every three or four minutes we were obliged to hold our faces down between our knees to recover our breath.

We soon got into an eddying wind that was altogether insufferable, and, at the same time, we were struggling among snow so deep, that our progress in the way we purposed going was very equivocal, for we had, by this time, lost all idea of east, west, north, or south. Still we persevered on we knew not whither, sometimes rolling over the snow, and sometimes weltering in it to the chin. The following instance of our successful exertions marks our progress to a tittle. There was an inclosure around the house to the westward, which we denominated *the park*, as is customary in Scotland. When we went away, we calculated that it was two hours until day—the park did not extend above three hundred yards—and we were still engaged in that *park* when daylight appeared.

When we got free of the park, we also got free of the eddy of the wind—it was now straight in our faces. We went in a line before each other, and changed places every three or four minutes, and at length, after great fatigue, we reached a long ridge of a hill, where the snow was thinner, having been blown off it by the force of the wind, and by this time we had hopes of reaching within a short space of the ewes, which

were still a mile and a half distant. Our master had taken the lead; I was next him, and soon began to suspect, from the depth of the snow, that he was leading us quite wrong, but as we always trusted implicitly to him that was foremost for the time, I said nothing for a good while, until satisfied that we were going in a direction very nearly right opposite to that we intended. I then tried to expostulate with him, but he did not seem to understand what I said, and, on getting a glimpse of his countenance, I perceived that it was quite altered. Not to alarm the others, nor even himself, I said I was becoming terribly fatigued, and proposed that we should lean on the snow and take each a mouthful of whisky (for I had brought a small bottle in my pocket for fear of the worst), and a bit of bread and cheese. This was unanimously agreed to, and I noted that he drank the spirits rather eagerly, a thing not usual with him, and when he tried to eat, it was long before he could swallow anything. I was convinced that he would fail altogether; but as it would have been easier to have got him to the shepherd's house before us than home again, I made no proposal for him to return. On the contrary, I said if they would trust themselves entirely to me, I would engage to lead them to the ewes without going a foot out of the way; the other two agreed to it, and acknowledged that they knew not where they were, but he never opened his mouth nor did he speak a word for two hours thereafter. It had only been a temporary exhaustion, however, for after this he recovered, and wrought till night as well as any of us, though he never could recollect a single circumstance that occurred during that part of our way, nor a word that was said, nor of having taken any refreshment whatever.

At half an hour after ten we reached the flock, and

just in time to save them; but before that, both Borthwick and the ploughman had lost their hats, notwithstanding all their precautions; and to impede us still farther, I went inadvertently over a precipice, and going down head foremost, found it impossible to extricate myself from the snow; the more I struggled, the deeper I went. For all our troubles, I heard Borthwick above convulsed with laughter; he thought he had got the affair of the dunghill paid back. By holding by one another, and letting down a plaid to me, they hauled me up, but I was terribly incommoded by the snow that had got inside my clothes.

The ewes were standing in a close body; one half of them were covered over with snow to the depth of ten feet, the rest were jammed against a cliff. We knew not what to do for spades to dig them out; but, to our agreeable astonishment, when those before were removed, they had been so close pent together as to be all touching one another, and they walked out from below the snow after their neighbours in a body. If the snow-wreath had not broken, and crumbled down upon a few that were hindmost, we should have got them all out without putting a hand to them. This was effecting a good deal more than I or any of the party expected a few hours before; there were one hundred ewes in another place near by, but of these we could only get out a very few, and lost all hopes of saving the rest.

It was now wearing towards mid-day, and there were occasionally short intervals in which we could see about us for perhaps a score of yards; but we got only one momentary glance of the hills around us all that day. I grew quite impatient to be at my own charge; and leaving the rest, I went away to them by myself, that is, I went to the division that was left far out on the hills, while our master and the ploughman volun-

teered to rescue those that were down on the lower ground. I found mine in miserable circumstances; but making all possible exertion, I got out about one half of them which I left in a place of safety, and made towards home, for it was beginning to grow dark, and the storm was again raging, without any mitigation, in all its darkness and deformity. I was not the least afraid of losing my way, for I knew all the declivities of the hills so well, that I could have come home with my eyes bound up, and, indeed, long ere I got home they were of no use to me. I was terrified on account of the stream (Douglas Burn), for in the morning it was flooded and gorged up with snow in a dreadful manner, and I judged that it would be quite impassable. At length I came to a place where I thought the water should be, and fell a boring and groping for it with my long staff. I could find no water, and began to dread that for all my accuracy I had gone wrong. I was greatly astonished, and, standing still to consider, I looked up, and to my amazement thought I beheld trees over my head flourishing abroad over the whole sky. I never had seen such an optical delusion before; it was so like enchantment that I knew not what to think, but dreaded that some extraordinary thing was coming over me, and that I was deprived of my right senses. I stood a good while in this painful trance; at length, on making a bold exertion to escape from the fairy vision I came all at once in contact with the old tower. Never in my life did I experience such a relief; I was not only all at once freed from the illusion, but from the dangers of the gorged river. I had come over it on some mountain of snow, I knew not how nor where, nor do I know to this day.

On reaching home, I found our women folk sitting in woeful plight. It is well known how wonderfully acute they generally are, either at raising up imaginary

evils, or magnifying those that exist; and ours had made out a theory so fraught with misery and distress, that the poor things were quite overwhelmed with grief. "There were none of us ever to see the house again *in life*. There was no possibility of the thing happening, all circumstances considered. There was not a sheep in the country to be saved, nor a single shepherd left alive—nothing but *women!* and there they were left, three poor helpless creatures, and the men lying dead out among the snow, and none to bring them home. Lord, help them, what was to become of them!" They perfectly agreed in all this; without one dissenting voice; and their prospects still cotinuing to darken with the fall of night, they had no other resource left them, long before my arrival, but to lift up their voices and weep. The group consisted of a young lady—our master's niece, and two servant girls, all of the same age. No sooner had I entered, than every tongue and every hand was put in motion; the former to pour forth queries faster than six tongues of men could answer them with any degree of precision, and the latter to rid me of the incumbrances of snow and ice with which I was loaded. One slit up the sewing of my frozen plaid, another brushed the icicles from my locks, and a third unloosed my clotted snow boots. We all arrived within a few minutes of each other, and all shared the same kind offices, and heard the same kind enquiries, and long string of perplexities narrated; even our dogs shared of their caresses and ready assistance in ridding them of the frozen snow; and the dear consistent creatures were six times happier than if no storm or danger had existed. Let no one suppose that, even amid toils and perils, the shepherd's life is destitute of enjoyment.

Borthwick had found his way home without losing his aim in the least. I had deviated but little, save

that I lost the river, and remained a short time in the country of the faries; but the other two had a hard struggle for life. They went off, as I said formerly, in search of seventeen scores of my flock that had been left in a place not far from the house, but being unable to find one of them, in searching for these, they lost themselves, while it was yet early in the afternoon. They supposed that they had gone by the house, and very near it, for they had toiled till dark among deep snow in the burn below; and if John Burnet, a neighbouring shepherd, had not heard them calling, and found and conducted them home, it would have stood hard with them indeed, for none of us would have looked for them in that direction. They were both very much exhausted, and the goodman could not speak above his breath that night.

Next morning the sky was clear, but a cold intemperate wind still blew from the north. The face of the country was entirely altered. The form of every hill was changed, and new mountains leaned over every valley. All traces of burns, rivers, and lakes were obliterated, for the frost had been commensurate with the storm, and of an intensity such as had never been witnessed in Scotland.

We were for several days utterly ignorant how affairs stood with the country around us, all communication between farms being cut off, at least all communication with such a wild place as that in which I lived; but John Burnet, a neighbouring shepherd on another farm, made a point of going off every day, to learn and bring us word what was going on. The accounts were most dismal; the country was a charnel-house. The first day he brought us tidings of the loss of thousands of sheep, and likewise of the death of Robert Armstrong, a neighbour shepherd, one whom we all knew, he having but lately left the Blackhouse to herd

on another farm. He died not above three hundred paces from a farm-house, whilst at the same time it was known to them all that he was there. His companion left him at a dike-side, and went in to procure assistance; yet, nigh as it was, they could not reach him, though they attempted it again and again; and at length they were obliged to return, and suffer him to perish at the side of the dike. There were three of my own intimate acquaintances perished that night. There was another shepherd named Watt, the circumstances of whose death were peculiarly affecting. He had been to see his affianced on the night before, with whom he had finally agreed and settled everything about their marriage; but it so happened, in the inscrutable awards of Providence, that at the very time when the banns of his marriage were proclaimed in the church of Moffat, his companions were carrying him home a corpse from the hill.

It may not be amiss here to remark, that it was a received opinion all over the country, that sundry lives were lost, and a great many more endangered by the administering of ardent spirits to the sufferers while in a state of exhaustion. It was a practice against which I entered my vehement protest. A little bread and sweet milk, or even a little bread and cold water, it was said, proved a much safer restorative in the fields. There is no denying, that there were some who took a glass of spirits that night that never spoke another word, even though they were continuing to walk and converse when their friends found them.

I may add an incident of a woman who left her children, and followed her husband's dog, who brought her to his master lying in a state of insensibility. He had fallen down bareheaded among the snow, and was all covered over, save one corner of his

plaid. She had nothing better to take with her, when she set out, than a bottle of sweet milk and a little oatmeal cake, and yet with the help of these, she so far recruited his spirits as to get him safe home, though not without long and active perseverance. She took two little vials with her, and in these she heated the milk in her bosom.

The frost must certainly have been prodigious; so intense as to have seized momentarily on the vitals of those that overheated themselves by wading and toiling too impatiently among the snow, a thing that is very easily done. I have conversed with five or six who were carried home in a state of insensibility that night, who would never have moved again from the spot where they lay, and were only brought to life by rubbing and warm applications; and they uniformly declared that they felt no kind of pain or debility, but only an irresistible desire to sleep. Many fell down, while walking and speaking, in a sleep so sound as to resemble torpidity; and there is little doubt that those who perished slept away in the same manner. I knew a man well, whose name was Andrew Murray, that perished in the snow on Minchmoor, and who had laid himself down to sleep so deliberately, that he had buttoned his coat, and then folding his plaid, had laid it beneath his head for a bolster.

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## ADVENTURE OF A CANADIAN TRADER.

In the month of November, 1771, David Ramsay, a merchant who had emigrated from Scotland to the Canadas, and had devoted himself to the employment of trading with the Indians, set out on one of his customary expeditions, for the prosecution of this pro-

fitable but precarious traffic. Accompanied only by a younger brother newly come from the mother-country, a lad of about sixteen years old, Ramsay launched his small boat, laden with a variety of Indian goods, upon Lake Erie, along which he coasted until he reached the mouth of a river which falls into it, at a distance of 150 miles from Fort Erie. He ascended this stream a considerable way before fixing on a spot to winter in, according to his usual custom on such occasions. The place he ultimately selected was in the bounds of a well-frequented hunting-ground, where he thought he would be in the way to make exchanges with the Indians for their furs and skins. Near to this spot was the residence of a single Pawnee family, consisting of one man, with his two squaws and two children. From these people Ramsay met with an amicable reception, and immediately began to build a log-house for the shelter of himself and his brother, with their goods. With great labour he succeeded in constructing a strong hut of piled logs, the interior of which he divided into two rooms, the innermost intended for holding the goods, and for sleeping in. A strong partition, with a low door in it, separated the two apartments, and gave a promise of security to the persons and property of the inmates.

It was late in December ere Ramsay completed his task, and the river on whose banks he had fixed his location was firmly frozen up for the season. Just at this time, three Indians of the Chippeway nation came to the place, and built a hut near to that of the trader, as a residence for themselves during the winter hunt. Ramsay soon saw reason to fear both these men and his Pawnee neighbours. They were not at the pains, indeed, to conceal their mischievous feelings towards him; and as it was impossible for him to alter his position till the spring again opened up the navigation,

he found it necessary to adopt a conciliatory, or rather, submissive system with them, as he was but too much at their mercy. He was obliged to give them rum when they demanded it, and to credit them with whatever goods they chose to ask. All this did not satisfy them, and they gave him open hints of their inclination to treat him as the St. Dusky Indians had recently treated another Englishman, who had "made private property of his goods," and had been put to death in consequence.

Ramsay became convinced that he and his poor brother must fall a sacrifice to these savages; and a circumstance occurred in January which only strengthened this conviction. Two Indian youths arrived at the hut of the Pawnee, on their way from Detroit to Niagara, and about the neck of one of them hung a broad belt of wampum, eight or nine inches long, which the trader knew to be the emblem—the fiery cross—of Indian war. The Indians noticed his attention to the belt, and laughingly told him that it was the belt of *peace*—a remark which confirmed him in his suspicion that a general war with the whites was in agitation, on the plea of which the savages were sure to fall on him at once. He accordingly became still more on his guard, kept his muskets always loaded, and fixed a sharp strong iron spear to a pole, by way of a defensive weapon. The return of the Pawnee from escorting the two youths on a part of their way to Niagara, brought on the crisis which the trader had apprehended. The three Chippeways and the Pawnee approached his hut with all the formalities of Indian warfare, and commanded him to deliver up to them blankets, ammunition, and rum. Ramsay, a man of intrepid heart and powerful frame, answered them from his little castle with a direct and firm refusal, adding, that they had already got from him much more than they would

ever pay, or ever intended to pay. "War will come with the leaves of spring," cried one of the savages scornfully, "and then will you be sufficiently paid." However, the resistance of Ramsay seemed to be unexpected by them. Uttering conjointly one of their frightful yells, they retired to some distance to consult together. They did not venture on further measures, either then or afterwards, but advanced day after day in the same manner, pouring forth the most violent threats, and using every means to intimidate Ramsay into submission. The dauntless trader gave them ever the same firm reply.

Some time in February one of the Chippeways, to whom Ramsay had done some favour formerly, came privately to him, and said that the Chippeways were going away, and that he could not leave the place without informing the trader that the Pawnee and his squaws were resolved to take his life and goods. Ramsay at first thought there was some trick here; but the three Chippeways did go away, and came back no more. After this time, the Pawnee squaws approached almost daily to his hut, with cords round their waists, and tomahawks stuck in them, as if to take a prisoner. These seem to have been merely menaces. About the middle of March, when the moon was nearly full, one of the squaws came to Ramsay and begged for a cup of rum, declaring that two of the family were ill. He gave her a small cupful. On the same night, about twelve o'clock, one of the children came to the hut, and by the like entreaties, moved the trader to give away a similar quantity a second time. Expecting to be troubled no more, Ramsay composed himself to rest, but was again aroused by the voices of the two Pawnee children, beseeching for admittance. One of these children was a girl nearly twelve years old, and the other a boy of lesser age. On asking the

girl why she made the request, she said that the Pawnee was threatening to kill and eat her brother, and "*he never broke his word!*" Ramsay knew not what to think of this; but he considered internally that the children could scarcely do him any harm, and permitted them to come into the inner room, where they lay down on the floor to sleep.

Even under these precarious circumstances the trader fell asleep. He was awakened, about two in the morning, by repeated strokes on the partition door, and springing up, saw through the chinks of the logs that a blazing fire had been kindled in the outer apartment, beside which stood the two squaws, while the Pawnee was planted before the partition door, striking at it with an axe with all his might. Ramsay called to him to desist instantly, otherwise he would fire upon him. The savage paid no attention, but with a powerful blow, split open the greater part of the door. Seizing the spear-headed pole, Ramsay made a thrust at the other's breast through the aperture. The lunge had not force enough to hurt the Pawnee, who, with another heavy blow, broke open the door altogether. The trader saw that the next fall of the axe would be upon his own head, and there being now nothing between them, he drove the spear into the breast of the Indian with such force, that the effort brought him down upon the floor of the outer apartment, above the body of his mortally wounded foe. Before he could recover his feet, he received a violent stroke from one of the squaws with a heavy stick or bar of wood. Had it alighted on his head, it would have stunned him fatally, but it struck his shoulder; and ere the blow could be repeated, he had regained his weapon, and dealt his assailant a thrust which brought her to the ground. Turning round, he had just time to avoid, by a spring, the long glittering knife which the other squaw had raised to

plunge into his unprotected back. A third time he made a lunge with the deadly spear, and his third assailant fell on the floor beside the others. The almost entire nakedness of their bodies, and the thick coarse nature of the weapon, rendered the strokes, which were in the chest, most fatal. They all died within a short time after the infliction of their wounds, which had itself been the work of a few seconds.

The bright moonlight looked in on a bloody scene that night in the little hut of the wilds. Ramsay, who had acted under the momentary and pressing impulse of self-defence in every successive stroke he gave, looked on the three bleeding bodies for a time in a sort of stupor. When the groans of the dying ceased, the only sounds that broke on the stillness of the scene were the weeping voices of the Indian children. A remembrance of the necessity for removing all evidences of the catastrophe before any other Indians could possibly come to the spot, aroused the trader from his trance. Before daylight, he had dug a pit and interred the three bodies. A heavy snow then falling, hid all marks of blood and other traces out of doors, while those inside the hut were removed by other means. In the course of the succeeding day, Ramsay dismantled the Pawnee hut, and conveyed its mats, &c., across the ice to a retired valley, where he set to work, and raised a new hut, of small size, for the reception of his brother and the Indian children. His chief motive for this was to insure his brother's safety, and we may also suppose that he was unwilling to give any Indian visitors an opportunity of examining the children. When he left the new hut he charged his brother, if he heard the report of firearms from the other log-house, to quit the place, and make the best of his way to the white settlements.

No human being, however, came near Ramsay, and

on the 4th of April the ice began to break up. With all possible speed, the trader hauled his boat to the river, and having embarked his goods, began to descend towards Lake Erie, with his brother and the young Indians. The latter he could not think of deserting, and he reflected, moreover, that they might be useful as witnesses in justifying him before the colonial tribunals. Lake Erie was full of ice, and the course of the little party, after their entrance on it, was perilous and painful. On the 17th of April, Ramsay saw a canoe with two Indians. Believing war to have begun between the whites and Red Men, he prepared for an attack, but on their approach he recognised one of the men to be a Chippeway with whom he had passed a winter formerly. On being spoken to, this Indian said that he was hunting along the shore with his companion, and that no others were with them. They said that "they would visit him when he got ashore." After parting with them, the trader spoke to the girl. "Do you wish to see the *ground red* again?" said he. "I have seen enough of blood," replied the young Indian. Encouraged by her answer, Ramsay requested her to say nothing of the past catastrophe, and she promised to do so. Next day the trader effected a landing, and constructed a rude temporary hut or tent, as the ice was too heavy on the lake to permit him yet to proceed with prudence towards Fort Erie. His brother and the two children were out collecting wood for fuel, when four Chippeway men, with two squaws and several young children, landed from two canoes, and made for the hut. The appearance of two additional men, contrary to what those in the boat had told him, confirmed Ramsay in the belief that *war* had been begun. He concealed a knife in his belt as they approached, and threw on his blanket-coat to hide it. When the party came up, they uncere-

moniously helped themselves to the contents of a pot which was on the fire, and asked for rum. Ramsay said he never drew rum himself, but when his companion came with the children from the woods, he would give them some. When his brother did come with the children, he could not avoid giving them the rum. The Indians asked to whom the two children belonged. The bold trader's heart beat quick at the question. He answered that they were the children of a white man and an Indian mother. "Girl," said one of the men, "are you the child of a white man?" The girl, whether from revengeful feelings, or from mere want of guile, at once replied, "No!"

Ramsay heard in this word the knell of fate to himself and his brother. Resolving instantaneously to make an appeal to the justice of the Indians, he sprang to his feet, drew his knife, and struck a tree by his side with it, uttering at the same time one of those prefatory cries or yells by which the red orators invoke attention to their harangues.

"You know me," he began, addressing one of the Chippeways, and using the Indian style of discourse, as well as their language; "I have lived with you. I have been by your side in the hunt, and have slept with you by the hearth. Did I ever harm you, or any of the red sons of my great Father?" The Chippeway filled up the pause with a "No." "I came peacefully and confidingly among the Indians to buy from them their furs, and to give them blankets in exchange, that the snows might not chill them and their squaws. I came to give them powder, that they might have plenty of venison in their lodges. I came to give them everything that could render their lives comfortable. Do I speak a lie?"

In the same manner as formerly, the Chippeway replied in the negative; and Ramsay went on to disclose

the whole truth respecting the death of the Pawnees, describing the gifts he had made them, their ingratitude, and the assault they had finally perpetrated by night, with all its consequences. At intervals in his speech, the trader appealed in their own fashion to his hearers, saying, "Are you angry?" The Chippeways uniformly responded "No;" and when the story was told, they applauded Ramsay's conduct.

"You are brave," said they; "you have done right. The Pawnees are wicked men—they are dogs!"

Notwithstanding these expressions, Ramsay, being persuaded that war had been declared, still thought that the Chippeways could not be friendly to him, whatever they might think of his behaviour to the Pawnees. He therefore resolved to embark immediately on the lake, preferring that course—although the sun had now nearly set—to the risk of passing a night with the Chippeways. As he was preparing to enter the boat, he missed the two children, and asked the squaws where they were. "They are gone to the woods," was the answer. The trader sent his brother to look for them, and in the meantime he himself stood leaning on his fusee, keeping a careful look about him. The four Chippeways came up to him at this moment, and entered into familiar conversation with him; but when he turned his eye for one instant in the direction where he looked for his brother, the Indians rushed upon him simultaneously, disarmed him, and pinioned his arms above the elbow. They then led him back to the fire, and one of them struck him a violent blow in the face, which caused a severe bleeding from the nose and mouth, and made him indeed believe his jaw to be broken. He spoke not a word, but sat, with downcast eyes, till he heard the moanings of his brother, who on his return had also been seized and bound. The love of an elder brother for a younger one is a pure and

beautiful feeling. The boy was to Ramsay a memorial of home—a sacred deposit committed to his charge by a tender mother. He exclaimed—"You are men! do not hurt a harmless boy. I am your captive: dispose of me as you will, but do not injure the boy." The Indians made no reply, but placed the lad on the opposite side of the fire from his brother, and across its flickering light the two looked their last farewells, as they then thought, to each other.

The sun had by this time set. The Indians demanded rum from Ramsay, and the boy was temporarily unbound, in order to get it from the boat. Two of the savages went with him, and brought back a small kettleful, which they began to drink immediately. The other two Indians, however, would not taste it, but compelled Ramsay, on pain of instant death, to drink as much as the others. Meanwhile, one of the squaws patrolled round the party with a watchful eye, while the other woman frequently told the trader to "pray, for his hours were few." The men, too, entertained him with the repeated announcement, that he would be burned to-morrow on the fire before him. In this manner passed the time, till the kettle, which held little less than half a gallon, was emptied by the two Indians and Ramsay. The savages again requested to have it filled, and the boy went a second time to the boat. He did not bring it quite full, and when the angry Indians demanded the cause, the trader said the boy did not understand the Indian tongue well, but if they would let him give the lad directions in his native speech, he would fill it up. The Indians assented; and Ramsay, aware that they knew some English, cried to his brother, "Fill it full; and *slip a gully into ilka ane o' your hose when ye're there!*" The boy understood well; but while he was looking for the knives, the patrolling squaw, who had followed and watched him,

exclaimed in screaming tones, "Kill your prisoner! The boy is searching for weapons!" Two knives were instantly raised for execution, when Ramsay cried, "The squaw is mistaken. Let me call the boy, and you may search him." He then loudly called to his brother, telling him again in Scotch to leave the knives, or "gullies." Happily, the boy could not find them, and this danger passed by. The same two Indians began to the second kettle, and became deeply intoxicated. With brandished knives they compelled Ramsay to take cup for cup with them. In spite of the danger of his situation, the liquor took its effect upon him, and about twelve o'clock, as he thought, he fell asleep.

In after life he had never any recollection of the dreadful scene that attended his awakening. The younger Ramsay, who could not sleep, related that the two sober Indians sat apart in consultation for some time after David seemed to fall into a slumber. At length one of them moved stealthily across to Ramsay, and the boy saw the knife raised, ready for the stab, in the Indian's hand. But the assassin seemed to have stumbled on the foot of Ramsay, or otherwise disturbed him, for the boy saw his brother make a rapid clutch with his hand, and seize the arm or hand of the Indian in which the knife was. The struggle between them had not lasted a moment, when the boy, by one powerful effort, slipped his arms from the cords with which the drunken men had bound them, and darting to the side of the other sober Indian, who was intent only on watching for Ramsay's death-groan, snatched the knife from his hand. The boy was in another instant at the side of his brother, and had divided his bonds. Ramsay, as we have said, was a powerful man. He had now the additional strength of madness; for desperation, the sudden awakening, and

the wild draughts of liquor he had taken, made him little else than a maniac. He wrested the knife from the Indian the instant his arms were free, wounded him, and would have killed him on the spot had not the man fled. Ramsay, without the delay of a second, flew upon the other sober Indian ere he could get a new weapon, and passed the knife into his heart. The noise by this time had awakened the intoxicated men. Ramsay bounded upon them like a wild beast, and struck them down one after another, ere they could gather their faculties or think of resistance. The awful state of excitement in which the trader's mind was, may be guessed from the fact, that he killed one of the children also. The squaws fled from the spot with the others. Incapable of thought himself, Ramsay was led hurriedly to the boat by his brother. But the tale of blood was not yet complete. The first Indian, having returned and possessed himself of a knife, followed the trader to the boat. A struggle took place on the edge of the water, which was there knee deep. Both men fell into it, and from that grapple the Indian never rose, his blood dyed the waters of his native Erie.

The brothers reached Fort Erie on the 4th of May, after a most painful passage, for they never again approached the shore. Ramsay immediately told his story to the officers of the fort, and delivered himself up into their hands. He was soon after sent with his brother to Niagara, to be examined in the presence of a Chippeway chief, and several principal warriors of the nation. The "patrolling" squaw and the Pawnee girl were present. The result was an acquittal by the Chippeway warriors. But, as colonial justice demanded a more regular trial, Ramsay was sent to Montreal, where he suffered an imprisonment of several months.

He was finally liberated and assoilized, no accuser appearing against him.

The scene of these bloody incidents is no longer the habitation of Red Men. Chippeway and Pawnee hunt the moose no more on the shores of Lake Erie.

CHAMBERS.

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## ASCENT OF THE WETTERHORN,

### IN THE VALLEY OF GRINDELWALD, SWITZERLAND.

THE valley of Grindelwald, situated in the heart of the Bernese Oberland, may justly be considered the formidable rival to that celebrated spot, above which tower the mighty masses of the monarch of all European mountains. It is true the valley of Grindelwald cannot boast the presence of a Mont Blanc; it is, nevertheless, the chosen spot around which the giants of the Swiss Alps have, as if by one consent, grouped themselves.

This valley is bounded, on its southern aspect, by three mountains, the loftiest (if we except the Finsteraarhorn) of the whole range; to the right, the *Klein Eiger*, or Great Giant; in the centre, the Mettenberg, surmounted by the Shreckhorn (Peak of Terror); and on the left the three summits of the Wetterhorn (Peak of Tempests): the first of these (the Eiger) attains the height of 12,000 feet; the second, 13,291 feet; the last, 12,194 feet above the sea level. Seen from the village of Grindelwald, they present the appearance of stupendous walls of rock, rising almost vertically for thousands of feet. These vast black masses are surmounted by fields of snow and ice,

which, in their turn, are crowned by the peaks themselves; whilst in the wide intervals which exist between the three mountains, the two seas of ice, known as the superior and inferior glaciers of Grindelwald, stream downwards into the valley to the very verge of the pastures. Until of late years, the prevailing opinion existing in the vicinity was, that these summits were inaccessible; experience had, however, (in the case of one of them,) proved the contrary; the Shreckhorn, or Peak of Terror, having been surmounted by three Swiss naturalists, with their guides, after imminent danger and difficulty, leaving on the summit an undeniable proof of their achievement in the shape of a flag-staff, which I afterwards discovered through a telescope: nevertheless, by the guides and chamois hunters of Grindelwald, the exploit is not yet credited.

The untrodden summit of the central or great peak of the Wetterhorn had therefore been to me an object of ambition for months; it was not, however, until my arrival at Interlachen that I proceeded to obtain information as to the feasibility of my project. Among the resident guides, there were but two really good mountaineers; by one of these I was informed that all attemps to scale the Wetterhorn from Grindelwald had proved fruitless, and that the only plan was to proceed to the Grimsel, (situated at a height of 6570 feet,) on the southern slope of the great chain, and that here we should meet the most intrepid and adventurous mountaineers of the Bernese Oberland—the men by whom the invincible Jungfrau had been successfully conquered some years previous. Acting, therefore, on the advice of this guide, whom I immediately engaged, we started from Interlachen on Thursday, the 4th of July, at six o'clock in the evening, arriving at Grindelwald at ten P.M. I now had full opportunity of satisfying myself as regards the previous statement of the

guide, which I found to be perfectly correct. We therefore left Grindelwald the following morning, proceeding across the great Shiedeck, passing at the foot of the glaciers of Schwartzwald and Rosenlaui, &c., and arriving at Meyringen at eight in the evening. We again left at an early hour, continuing our course up the valley of the Aar, passing the villages of Im Grand and Guttanen, and the celebrated fall of the Aar, at Handeck. Since our departure from Meyringen, the ascent had been continual, as was now testified by the frequent occurrence of large patches of snow, and by the presence of some immense avalanches, which impeded our course in no trifling degree. Vegetation was visibly decreasing as we approached the Grimsel,—the Alpine rose alone flourishing in these wild regions; whilst the fallen masses of rock, a few blasted pines, and the roaring of innumerable torrents, bore melancholy testimony to the unbridled fury of the wintry elements—the whirlwind, the snow-storm, and the falling avalanche. On our arrival at the Grimsel, a consultation was held between the host, (a hardy old mountaineer,) myself, and three of the guides, as to the proceedings to be adopted, and also as regards the probable result of the undertaking. This terminated satisfactorily: two of the boldest, J. Jaun, and Caspar Alphanalph, volunteered to accompany me, and as both one and the other had trodden the summit of the Jungfrau, I instantly placed all confidence in them; and leaving them in company with my former guide, to prepare for our expedition, I retired early, knowing that the ensuing night would necessarily be spent on the glacier of the Aar—a locality not very favourable to repose. The morning broke without a cloud, and I found the three mountaineers fully equipped with hatchets, ropes, crampons, long poles shod with iron, blue veils, &c., not forgetting provisions for two days,

and the flag, which we fondly hoped should bear testimony of the forthcoming exploit. On leaving the Grimsel, our course lay among fallen rocks, up a desolate valley, bounded on the left by the Leidelhorn, and on the right by the Juchliberg and the Broniberg. This valley (situated about 7000 feet above the Mediterranean) appeared gradually to enlarge, and we perceived its further extremity to be closed from side to side by a wall of dingy-looking ice, rising vertically, between two and three hundred feet in height; this was the termination of the glacier of the Aar. Having attained the summit of this wall, by scaling the rocks on its border, we perceived the vast glacier of the Aar itself spread out before us for many miles, and surrounded by the gigantic peaks of the Finsteraarhorn, Shreckhorn, Oberaarhorn, Vischerhorner, and Lauteraarhorn, the former rising to the height of 14,000 feet, the remainder ranging between 11,000 and 13,000 above the sea level. Following the course of the terminal moraine, we reached the pure, unsullied surface of the glacier itself, which we now found thickly spread with crevices, all running parallel with each other; the majority of these being filled with snow, considerable caution was necessary in sounding them with the poles, previous to trusting the body to so frail and deceptive a support. Proceeding thus along the centre of the glacier for three hours, we arrived opposite the little hut, constructed for M. Agassiz, in order to enable him to carry out more fully his experiments on the increase and advance of the glaciers. Situated fully 300 feet above the level of the ice, it is in a great measure sheltered from the fall of avalanches, and from the effects of those hurricanes and snow-storms to which these elevated regions are so liable. The sun was now gradually declining, the innumerable, ice-bound peaks and glaciers being lit up by its last rays, until the

whole chain presented the appearance of burnished gold. This magnificent spectacle suddenly ceased, and every object resumed its ghastly bluish tinge, as the shades of night shut them out from our view, merely leaving the white outline of the nearer peaks discernible. We now attempted to obtain a few hours' sleep, after taking every possible precaution to guard against the severe cold: in this latter we partially succeeded. Sleep, however, was tardy in its approaches, the novelty of the situation being too exciting. Towards midnight, several vast avalanches fell, with the roar of the loudest thunder, on the opposite side of the glacier. This was quite sufficient to banish all drowsy sensations; we were soon, therefore, on foot, preparing in earnest for the anticipated seventeen hours of successive climbing over snow and glacier. The first point to be accomplished was the descent to the surface of the glacier, into the recesses of which (owing to its disruptured condition) we found it necessary to penetrate, finding ourselves at the bottom of a well, round three sides of which, walls of ice rose almost vertically. Up these walls it was necessary to ascend, in order to effect our exit from our cold, dismal prison. Jaun, our leader, commenced cutting out steps in the ice, and in a short time we all emerged from our retreat, and stood safely on the glacier of the Lauteraar, at its junction with that of the Finsteraar. The former descends from the Shreckhorn and Col de Lauteraar, the latter from the Finsteraarhorn and its attendant peaks. Our course was now directed across the glacier towards the Abschwung, along the base of which we cautiously proceeded, the ice at this early period being dangerously slippery. The doubtful crevices were sounded, and the yawning ones avoided as far as possible; these, at length, on our attaining an elevation of 9000 feet,

ceased in a great degree, and the surface of the glacier appeared covered for miles in extent with a thick coat of unsullied and unbroken snow; whilst in front of us, and fully three hours' march distant, rose the Col de Lauteraar, 10,000 feet in height, hitherto considered impracticable. Its brilliant white crest being cut out in the strongest relief against the deep blue sky, tempted us into the belief that it was close at hand; we soon, however, became aware of our inability to calculate distances in regions where the vast size of the surrounding objects, combined with the peculiar light reflected from the snow and glaciers, baffle any such attempt. For hours we continued surmounting long slopes of snow, sinking at every step half way to the knee, and as yet no visible decrease of distance appeared. At length we reached the first range of those great crevices usually found at the foot of the steepest ascents. Among these it was necessary to proceed with the utmost caution; the whole party were lashed together, and we threaded our way through this labyrinth of blue and ghastly abysses to the very foot of the redoubted Col de Lauteraar, which now rose quasi-perpendicularly far above our heads for many hundreds of feet, whilst on its ridge we perceived a mass of overhanging snow, which, from its threatening aspect, caused us great uneasiness; in fact, a more formidable or apparently inaccessible barrier could scarcely be witnessed: it was, nevertheless, necessary to surmount it, and the question now was, how is it to be done? At our feet lay a large crevice, on the opposite side of which the wall of snow rose immediately, not leaving the smallest space on which to place the foot. Our head guide, however, nothing daunted, by means of his long alpenstock, succeeded in excavating a hole in the snow, into which we might jump without much danger of falling into the yawning gulf

below. He first crossed, and extended his baton to assist the next comer; I seized the friendly aid and jumped. The snow, however, gave way, and I remained suspended over the abyss, grasping with all my strength the extended pole. From this perilous position I was instantly rescued, and the rest of the guides having crossed in safety, we found ourselves clinging to the wall of snow which constitutes the southern aspect of the Col. The ascent now commenced in earnest, the first guide having been relieved by the second in command, who (hatchet in hand) assiduously dashed holes in the snow in which to place the hands and feet —the steepness of the Col being such that the necessary inclination of the body forwards, which all ascents require, brought the chest and face in close contact with the snow, the excessive brilliancy of which, notwithstanding our blue glasses and veils, proved singularly annoying. In this critical position, our progress upwards was of necessity very slow, the advance of the foot from one step to the succeeding one being a matter of careful consideration, as a slip, the least inclination backwards, or even giddiness, must inevitably have proved fatal to one or other of the party. Thanks, however to the efforts of the hardy mountaineers, the summit of the Col was at length attained, five hours after our departure from the night encampment. For some time previous, our sphere of vision had necessarily been limited by the interposition of the Col de Lauteraar; its crest, however, being attained, we beheld a great portion of Switzerland stretched out like a map far below, whilst on either side rose the summits of those gigantic barriers which bound the valley of Grindelwald. On the left the great and little Shreckhorn and the Mettenberg, and on the right the object of our ambition—the three peaks of the Wetterhorner, the Wetterhorn, the Mittalhorn, and Rosenhorn: below

us lay the fields of snow which descend from these summits and crown the superior glacier of Grindelwald.

It was now deemed necessary to descend a portion of the opposite side of the Col we had just surmounted, previous to arriving at the foot of the great peak, which appeared to rise in close proximity to the height of 2150 feet above the plateau of snow on which we stood, and which in itself attained an elevation of 10,000 feet. We now began our descent, which, although not so steep as our previous ascent, was perhaps more nervous; the precipices of ice and snow, together with the wide crevices thickly spread at their feet, being constantly before the eyes. Great stress being laid on the ropes and hatchets, this descent was in turn safely accomplished, and we again began to ascend slope after slope of snow, (at times threading our way with much difficulty among the gaping crevices, all of which presented the appearance of the deepest azure,) our course being directed towards the base of the superb central peak, known as the Mittelhorn, which now towered above our heads, apparently a huge pyramid of the purest ice and snow. To me it appeared so impossible to scale it, that I ventured to inquire of the guides whether they expected to attain the summit; to this they replied that they assuredly did so. I therefore held my peace, thinking myself in excellent company; and the south-western aspect of the peak being deemed, to all appearance, the most practicable, we began the arduous task of scaling this virgin mountain. The ascent in itself strongly resembled that of the Col de Lauteraar, described above; its duration, however, being longer, and the coating of ice and snow being likewise more dense, the steps hewn out with the hatchet required to be enlarged with the feet preparatory to changing our position. In this singular manner we

slowly ascended, digging the left hand into the hole above our heads left by the hatchet of the advancing guide, and gradually drawing up the foot into the next aperture, the body reclining full length on the snow between each succeeding step. In this truly delectable situation, our eyes were every moment greeted with the view of the vast precipices of ice stretching above and below, impressing constantly on our mind the idea that one false step might seal the fate of the whole party: connected, as we were, one to the other, such in fact might easily have been the case. We had now been three hours on the peak itself, and the guides confidently affirmed that in another hour (if no accident occurred) we should attain the summit. The banner was accordingly prepared, and, after a few minutes' repose, taken by turning cautiously round and placing our backs against the snow, we stretched upwards once more, the guides singing national songs, and the utmost gaiety pervading the whole party at the prospect of so successful a result. The brilliant white summit of the peak appeared just above us, and when within thirty or forty feet of its apex, our head guide, considerately thinking that his employer would naturally wish to be the first to tread this unconquered summit, reversed the ropes, and placing me first in the line, directed me to take the hatchet and cautiously cut the few remaining steps necessary. These injunctions I obeyed to the best of my abilities, and at one o'clock precisely, the red banner fluttered on the summit of the central peak of the Wetterhorn.

We had thus, after three days' continual ascent from the level of the plain, attained a height of 12,154 feet. Up to this period, our attention had been too much occupied in surmounting the opposing obstacles which lay in our route to allow us to contemplate with attention the astonishing panorama which gradually

unfolded itself. The summit being under our feet, we had ample leisure to examine the relative position of the surrounding peaks, the greater portion of which appeared to lie far beneath us. To the north we perceived the Faulhorn and the range of mountains skirting the lake of Brienz; behind these, the passage of the Brunig, together with the lakes of Lungerne and Lucerne, on the banks of which rise the pyramids of the Righi and the Mont Pilate, the summits of which (the boast of so many tourists) appeared as mole-hills. Towards the east, the eye wanders over an interminable extent of snow-clad summits, extending to the utmost verge of the horizon, a perfect ocean of mountains. Turning to the south, however, we there perceive the monarchs of these Bernese Alps rising side by side—the Rosenhorn and Berglistock raise their snow-clad crests in close proximity. Separated from them by the Col de Lauteraar, we perceived the rugged Shreckhorn, aptly denominated the Peak of Terror, whilst the loftiest of the group, the Finsteraarhorn, appears peering among his companions. To the right of these two peaks, the brilliant Vischerhoerner next came into view, beyond which we discover the three celebrated sister summits of the Eiger, the Mounch, and the Jungfrau—the whole group exeeding the height of 12,000 feet. At the base of these gigantic masses lies the Wengern Alp, apparently a mere undulation; whilst far below the outline of the village of Grindelwald may be faintly discerned the river Lutchinen, winding, like a silver thread, through the valley. On all sides of the peak on which we now stood, (on the summit of which a dozen persons could scarcely assemble,) we beheld vast gittering precipices; at the foot of these lie the plains of snow which contribute to the increase of the numerous glaciers; situated still lower —viz., to the left the superior glacier of Grindelwald

and that of Lauteraar; to the right, the glaciers of Gauli, of Reufen, and of Rosenlaui, out of which rose the peaks of the Wellhorn, the Losenhorn, and Engelhorner.

Many anxious looks were now cast in this direction, the guides having determined to reach Rosenlaui through this unexplored region. We had remained above twenty minutes on the summit, exposed to a violent wind and intense cold, although in the plain, on that day, the thermometer of Fahrenheit stood at 93 degrees in the shade. The sudden appearance of a few fleecy clouds far below caused us some misgivings; we therefore (after firmly securing the flag-staff) commenced our descent on the opposite side of the peak to that by which we had ascended, in order to reach the plains of snow surmounting the great glacier of Rosenlaui.

From the excessive steepness of this slope, and the absence of crevices, it was deemed advisable to sit and slide down the snow, guiding our course with the poles. In this manner we descended with the greatest rapidity to the plateau. Here, again, great caution was required, many of the crevices being covered with a slight coating of fresh snow, incapable of sustaining the weight of the human body. After crossing this plateau, we arrived at the foot of the Tosenhorn. This is a lofty peak, situated at the junction of the glaciers of Rosenlaui and Reufen, which at this point become identified with the great slope of snow descending from the Wetterhorner. This region being a *terra incognita*, like the preceding, our advance was slow and wavering; and on the descent of the Tosenhorn, the difficulties appeared rather to increase than diminish: the loose rocks and stones covering the southern aspect of the peak receding continually from under the feet, and falling in showers over the precipice; below which, at

a fearful depth, we could discern the deep blue crevices and bristling minarets of the glacier of Rosenlaui. Quitting the rocks, we again found ourselves on slopes of snow so vertical that for a long period of time it was necessary to descend backwards, as if on a ladder—the hatchet being in full play. At the foot of one of these slopes, the snow broke suddenly away, leaving a crevice, apparently about four yards in width, the opposite border of which was fully twenty feet lower than that on which we stood; this at first sight appeared insurmountable, the guides themselves being bewildered, and all giving advice in one breath: we were at this time clinging to the slope of snow, over the very verge of the blue gulf below. Jaun at length volunteered the hazardous experiment of clearing it at a bound; this he accordingly did, arriving safely on the inferior border. The ropes being detached, the remainder of the party mustered resolution, and desperation giving fresh courage, we all in turn came flying across the crevice upon the smooth snow below. Our successful triumph over this alarming obstacle having greatly inspirited us, we prepared to cross a narrow slope of ice, on which our leader was diligently hacking a few steps. A sudden rumbling sound, however, arrested our attention—the rear guides drew the rest back with the ropes with violence, and the next moment an avalanche thundered down over the slope we had been preparing to cross, leaving the whole party petrified with horror at the narrowness of their escape. The clouds of fine snow in which we had been enveloped having subsided, we again descended, during three hours, a succession of steep walls of ice and snow, reaching the glacier of Rosenlaui at five o'clock P.M. The passage of this glacier resembles in every respect that of the far-famed glacier de Bossons, on the Mont Blanc—the crevices being so numerous as to leave mere ridges of ice inter-

posed between them; and these ridges being the only means of progress, the eye was constantly exposed to the view of the surrounding gulfs of ice, which, at every step, appear ready to swallow up the unfortunate individual whose presence of mind should fail; whilst the pinnacles of ice rising over head, often totter upon their unsteady foundations. In our present fatigued condition, the passage of the glacier was indeed highly perilous; the extreme caution and courage of the guides fortunately prevented the occurrence of any serious accident, and at eight P.M. we bade a final adieu to those fields of snow and ice-bound peaks over which our course had been directed for seventeen consecutive hours. All danger was now past, and the excitement having ceased, the tedious descent over rocks and fallen pines became insufferably fatiguing. The baths of Rosenlaui were still far below at our feet, whilst the sombre hue of the pine forests, stretching down into the valley, formed a striking contrast to the uninterrupted glare of so many previous hours. Night was now gradually throwing its veil over the surrounding objects; the glimmering of lights soon became visible, and at nine P.M. we all arrived safely at the baths of Rosenlaui, where, for several hours, considerable excitement had prevailed—the flag fluttering on the summit of the peak having been discovered, by means of a powerful telescope. Four small black dots had likewise been noticed at an immense height on the otherwise unsullied snow, which dots having been likewise seen to change their position, the inhabitants of the valleys wisely concluded that another of their stupendous mountains was in a fair way of losing its former prestige of invincibility.

On the following morning I took leave of the two intrepid chamois hunters, to whom, on several occasions during the previous eventful day, I had owed my

preservation. I was shortly afterwards informed that these poor fellows (though so hardy) were confined by an illness arising from the severity of their late exploit. For myself, I escaped with the usual consequences of so long an exposure to the snow in these elevated regions,—viz., the loss of the skin of the face, together with inflammation of the eyes; and accompanied by my remaining guide, who was likewise in a very doleful condition, we recrossed the Great Shiedeck, arriving at Interlacken the 10th of July.

We here learnt, for the first time, that, two days previous to our ascent, some Swiss gentlemen, indignant at the idea of allowing "un Anglais" to be the first to scale their virgin peak, had, in company with three chamois hunters, made another attempt from Grindelwald. To our gratification, it proved a failure; the parties, having mistaken their locality, ascended a peak, the summit of which had been first reached, in 1844, by the same men who had so ably assisted me in the ascent just described.

ATHENÆUM.

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## CONFLICT WITH A BUFFALO.

In 1807 Mr. Percival was on a trapping expedition with two companions on the Washita, where they left him to kill buffalo, bear, and the larger game; while he remained to trap the streams for beaver. He had not met with very good success, and had been without meat about twenty-four hours, when, turning a small bend of the river, he espied a noble-looking old male buffalo, lying down on the beach. Having secured his canoe, he crept softly through a corn-brake, which lay between

the animal and himself, and fired. The shot was an indifferent one, and only wounded the animal in the side, but it roused him, and having crossed the river, he soon laid down again. This was about noon, when the animal, having grazed, was resting himself in a cool place. Percival now crossed the river, also, in his canoe, and got into the woods, which were there very open, and somewhat broken by little patches of prairie land, a very frequent occurrence in these parts of Arkansas, where forest and praire often seem to be contending for the mastery. But the bull being suspicious, rose before the hunter came near enough to him, and took to the open woods. Percival was an experienced hunter; he had killed several hundred buffaloes, and knew their temper in every sort of situation. He knew that the animal, when in large herds, was easily mastered, and was well aware that when alone he was sometimes dogged, and even dangerous; he therefore followed his prey cautiously for about a mile, knowing that he would be down again ere long. The buffalo now stopped, and Percival got within fifty yards of him, watching an opportunity to strike him mortally; but the beast, seeing his enemy so near, wheeled completely round, put his shaggy head close to the ground before his fore-feet, as is their custom when they attack each other, and rapidly advanced upon the hunter, who instantly fired, and put his ball through the bull's nose; but seeing the temper the beast was in, and knowing what a serious antagonist he was when on the offensive, he also immediately turned and fled.

In running down a short hill, some briars threw him down, and he dropped his gun. There was a tree not far from him, of about eighteen inches diameter, and every thing seemed to depend upon his reaching it; but as he rose to make a push for it, the buffalo struck

him on the fleshy part of the hip with his horn, and slightly wounded him. Before the beast, however, could wheel round upon him again, he gained the tree, upon which all the chance he had of preserving his life rested. A very few feet from this tree grew a sapling, about four or five inches in diameter, a most fortunate circumstance for the hunter, as it contributed materially to save his life. The buffalo now doggedly followed up his purpose of destroying his adversary, and a system of attack and defence commenced, that, perhaps, is without a parallel. The buffalo went round and round the tree, pursuing the man, jumping at him in the peculiar manner of that animal, every time he thought there was a chance of hitting him; whilst Percival, grasping the tree with his arms, swung himself round it with greater rapidity than the animal could follow him. In this manner the buffalo harassed him *more than four hours*, until his hands became so sore with rubbing against the rough bark of the oak tree, and his limbs so fatigued, that he began to be disheartened.

In going round the tree, the buffalo would sometimes pass between it and the sapling; but the distance between them was so narrow, that it inconvenienced him, especially when he wanted to make his jumps: he therefore frequently went round the sapling, instead of going inside of it. The time thus consumed was precious to Percival; it enabled him to breathe, and to consider how he should defend himself.

After so many hours' fruitless labour, the bull seemed to have lost his pristine vigour, and became slower in his motions: he would now make his short start, preparatory to his jump, only at intervals; and even then, he jumped doubtingly, as if he saw that Percival would avoid his blow by swinging to the other side. It was evident that he was baffled, and was considering what he should do. Still continuing in his course round the

tree. but in this slow manner, he at length made an extraordinary feint that does honour to the reasoning powers of the buffalo family. He made his little start as usual, and when Percival swung himself round, the bull, instead of aiming his blow in the direction he had been accustomed to do, suddenly turned to that side of the tree where Percival would be brought when he had swung himself round, and struck with all his might. The feint had almost succeeded: Percival only just saved his head, and received a severe contusion on his arm, which was paralysed for an instant. He now began to despair of saving his life; his limbs trembled under him, he thought the buffalo would wear him out, and it was so inexpressibly painful to him to carry on this singular defence, that at one time he entertained the idea of leaving the tree, and permitting the animal to destroy him, as a mode of saving himself from pain and anxiety that were intolerable.

But the buffalo, just at that time giving decided symptoms of being as tired as himself, now stopped for a few minutes, and Percival took courage. Remembering that he had his butcher's knife in his breast, he took it out, and began to contrive plans of offence; and when the bull, having rested awhile, commenced his old rounds, Percival took advantage of the slowness of his motions, and using a great deal of address and management, contrived in the course of half-an-hour to stab and cut him in a dozen different places. The animal now became weak from loss of blood, and, although he continued to walk round the tree, made no more jumps, contenting himself with keeping his head and neck close to the tree. This closed the conflict, for it enabled Percival to extend his right arm, and give him two deadly stabs in the eyes. Nothing could exceed the frantic rage of the unwieldy animal when he had lost his sight; he bellowed, he

groaned, he pawed the ground, and displayed every sign of conscious ruin and unmitigable fury; he leaned against the sapling for support, and twice knocked himself down by rushing with his head at the large tree. The second fall terminated this strange tragic combat, which had now lasted nearly six hours. The buffalo had no strength to rise, and the conqueror, stepping up to him, and lifting up his nigh shoulder, cut all the flesh and ligaments loose, and turned it over his back. He then, after resting himself a few minutes, skinned the beast, took a part of the meat to his canoe, made a fire, broiled and ate it.

Of the intense anxiety of mind, produced in the hunter by this conflict, an idea may be formed from the fact that when he joined his companions, after a separation of forty days, they asked him why he looked so pale and emaciated, and enquired "if he had been down with the fever." He then related to them his adventure with the buffalo, adding, that from that very evening when he prevailed over the animal, he had never got any quiet rest; and so severely had his nervous system been shaken, that as soon as the occupations of the day were over, and he had lain down to rest, the image of the resolute and powerful animal always came before him, putting his life in jeopardy in a thousand ways, and creating in him such a desperate agitation of mind, that he was constantly jumping from the ground to defend himself; such was his state, that he who had formerly been proverbial for his daring and resolution, now trembled with apprehension, even when a covey of quails unexpectedly flushed before him. Mr. Percival told me that three months had elapsed after this adventure, before his sleep became tranquil, and that, although twenty-seven years had now passed away, every sudden noise would disconcert him, even if it were the crowing of a cock. Ten years ago he had

the curiosity to visit the place where so memorable a passage in his life occurred, and he found the bark of the tree sufficiently torn and abraded to have identified it, even if the bones of his ancient adversary had not been there.

FEATHERSTONHAUGH'S "EXCURSION THROUGH THE SLAVE STATES."

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## STRANGE ADVENTURE IN AN INN.

A GENTLEMAN named Leadbetter, a hop-merchant, resident in one of the western counties, had for many years made a practice of attending the great annual fair at Weyhill, as a purchaser of the commodity in which he chiefly dealt. It happened, on one occasion, that he arrived at the inn to which he always went some hours later than usual; and on going into the house he learned, to his regret, that so much company had arrived before him, that every bed was engaged. Rather than go to any house to which he was a stranger, he determined to have a bed made upon some chairs in the traveller's room. Mrs. Symonds, the landlady, was about to carry this arrangement into effect, when she happened to recollect that there was an ostler's room in the yard, which possibly Mr. Leadbetter might prefer to sleeping in a room where he would be liable to be disturbed very early in the morning, To this the gentleman willingly acceded; and, after some short time, he passed up the gallery in the yard which led to the apartment, and retired to bed.

Sleep soon lent its leaden influence to the weary traveller, and he reposed soundly, until a strange noise in the gallery which he had ascended roused him into

sense again. The noise was that of an extremely heavy footstep. Mr. Leadbetter counted every step; and, to his alarm, the sound increased, until the cause of it reached the door of his apartment. In an instant a tall and gaunt figure entered the room, with a candle in one hand, and a butcher's knife in the other. Mr. L. attempted to speak, but his voice failed him, and the figure approached the bed. It shook the horror-stricken man; then drew the knife several times across his own throat; went to a table in the room, set down the light, and immediately quitted the place. Mr. Leadbetter began to breathe again; he imagined, after a few minutes, that he must have been dreaming; and yet the candle and candlestick on the table were no phantoms, they were palpable realities. He instantly rose with an intent to lock the door, but found that it was without lock or bolt, and that there was nothing else in the room but the bedstead of any weight. As this fortunately ran on castors, he rolled it to the door, and thinking himself then tolerably safe from further intrusion, he endeavoured to go to sleep again. But sleep would no more revisit his eyelids; and he lay tossing about until, in about an hour, he heard the same sounds which had before alarmed him renewed on the gallery stairs, and in a few seconds, the door of his room being pushed with great violence, his bed was rolled into the middle of the apartment, and again the horrid figure stood before him! The faculties of speech and motion now forsook him quite; the figure shook him again, with fierce gesticulation, and again drawing the knife across its throat, Mr. Leadbetter observed that *marks of blood were on the blade*, which were not there before! It then passed away from the room, and the remainder of Mr. Leadbetter's senses fled with it; he swooned, and remained for some time insensible.

As soon as he came to himself, he put on his clothes

with the best speed his agitation would allow, and descended into the court-yard of the inn. In a stable he saw a light, and, on approaching it, found a man dressing down some horses, to whom he communicated that something particular had happened, and that he must have Mr. and Mrs. Symonds called up immediately. The landlord came down; and on expressing his apprehensions that Mr. Leadbetter was very ill, as his looks seemed to indicate, was informed that indeed he was *not well.* Mr. L. proceeded to relate all that had happened to him, and concluded by expressing his firm conviction that some horrible murder had been committed on the premises in the night.

Mr. Symonds, on hearing the tale, was scarcely less alarmed than the relator. The house was quickly roused by the terrors of the host and hostess; and the business of the fair was almost forgotten in the wonder excited by the story, which lost nothing by repetition to the several guests of the inn, as they successively inquired into the cause of the early disturbance.

At six o'clock the ostler, whose room Mr. L. had occupied, arrived from a lodging which he had got in the town, on being turned out of his usual bed. Much pleasure was expressed on seeing him; and the story being told him, "Why," said he, "I'll lay my life I know the *ghost* very well; it was the *deaf and dumb fellow* that comes to help me kill the pigs, and who always comes up to my room to call me when we have one to kill!" The *murder* was out! It was indeed the *deaf and dumb fellow,* who had made an appointment with the ostler to kill a pig at four o'clock in the morning, and who, thinking the ostler lazy, had gone first to awaken him by making the signs above related, and a second time for the same purpose, after he had stuck the pig.

ANECDOTES OF

# TRAVELLING AMONG THE ALPS.

## I.

An American had wandered all alone the morning of the day before over the hill of Charmoz, above the Montanvert, and scrambled as far as the solitary precipices of Trelaporte, unvisited, except casually by a shepherd, and still more rarely by some chamois hunter. Towards afternoon (by his own account) he had slipped over a rock, and being caught by the clothes on some bushes, had his fall checked, so as to gain a little ledge surrounded by precipices on every side, where he found himself lodged in a perfectly hopeless prison. Here he passed the whole night, which, fortunately, was not cold, and in the morning he succeeded in attracting, by his cries, some young men of Chamouni, who were on their way across the glacier, at a great distance below. The two boldest, with difficulty, climbed, by a circuitous path, so as to gain a position above him; but their united efforts would have been unequal to rescue him had I not providentially gone, with my guide, the same morning, to this remote spot. Whilst he was on a search for the water which I required, he came within sight of the boys, vainly attempting to extricate the traveller. Balmat instantly joined them; and by great personal courage, as well as strength, succeeded in dragging the man up by the arm, from a spot whence a chamois could not have escaped alive. Balmat told me that, whilst he bore the entire weight of the man on the slippery ledge to which he himself clung, he felt his foot give way, and for a moment he thought himself lost, which was the cause of the very visible emotion of which he bore traces when he joined me.

I gave wine and food to the traveller and the others, and especially applauded the humanity and courage of

the lads, one of whom conducted the traveller back to Chamouni, for his nervous system was greatly affected, and for a time I doubted whether he was not deranged. I returned with Balmat to view the exact spot of the adventure, and a more dreadful prison it is impossible to conceive. It was, as I have said, a ledge, about a foot broad in most places, and but a few feet long, with grass and juniper growing on it. It thinned off upon the cliff entirely in one direction, and on the other (where widest) it terminated abruptly against a portion of the solid rock, not only vertical, but overhanging, and at least ten feet high, so that no man, unassisted, could have climbed it. The direction of his fall was attested by the shreds of his *blouse*, which were hanging from some juniper bushes, which he had grazed in his descent, but for which evidences it would have appeared to me inconceivable that any falling object could so have attained the shelf on which he was almost miraculously lodged. Immediately below the spot he fell from, the shelf had thinned off so completely that it was plain he must have fallen obliquely across the precipice, so as to attain it. The ledge was about twenty feet below the top of the smooth granitic precipice, to which a cat could not have clung, and below, the same polished surface went sheer down, without a break, for a depth of at least 200 feet, where it sinks under the glacier, whose yawning *crevasses* would have received the mangled body, and never would have betrayed the traveller's fate. Had the young men not crossed the glacier at the fortunate moment, my guide and I would have passed the rock fifty yards above him, without either party having the remotest idea of the other's presence.

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## II.

A dark object was descried on the snow to our left. We were not yet low enough to have entered on the ice, but were still on snow. This proved to be the body of a man fully clothed, fallen with his head in the direction in which we were going. From the appearance of the body as it lay, it might have been presumed to be recent; but when it was raised, the head and face were found to be in a state of frightful decay, and covered with blood, evidently arising from an incipient thaw, after having remained perhaps for a twelvemonth perfectly congealed. The clothes were quite entire and uninjured, and, being hard frozen, still protected the corpse beneath. It was evident that an unhappy peasant had been overtaken in a storm, probably of the previous year, and had lain there covered with snow during the whole winter and spring, and that we were now, in the month of August, the first travellers who had passed this way and ascertained his fate. The hands were gloved, and in his pockets, in the attitude of a person maintaining the last glow of heat, and the body being extended on the snow, which was pretty steep, it appeared that he had been hurrying towards the valley, when his strength was exhausted, and he lay simply as he fell. The effect upon us all was electric; and had not the sun shone forth in its full glory, and the very wilderness of eternal snow seemed gladdened under the serenity of such a summer's day as is rare at these heights, we should certainly have felt a deeper thrill, arising from a sense of personal danger. As it was, when we had recovered our first surprise, and interchanged our expressions of sympathy for the poor traveller, and gazed with awe on the disfigured relics of one who had so lately been in the same plight with ourselves, we turned and surveyed, with a stronger sense of sublimity than before,

the desolation by which we were surrounded, and became still more sensible of our isolation from human dwellings, human help, and human sympathy—our loneliness with nature, and, as it were, the more immediate presence of God. Our guide and attendants felt it as deeply as we.—FORBES.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF MICHIGAN.*

THE principal inland rivers of Michigan are, the Grand River, the Kalamazoo, the St. Joseph, the Saginaw, and the Raisin. The first three empty into Lake Michigan, and are about seventy miles apart. Their average length is about two hundred and fifty miles, and they are about thirty or forty rods in width. At present they are navigable about half their length for small steamboats and bateaux. Their bed is limestone, covered with pebbles. I was a passenger on board the *Matilda Barney*, on her first trip,—the first steamer that ever ascended the St. Joseph, which I consider the most perfectly beautiful stream that I have ever seen. I remember well the many flocks of wild turkeys and herds of deer, that the "iron horse" frightened in his winding career. The Indian canoe is now giving way to the more costly but less beautiful row-boat, and those rivers are becoming deeper and deeper every day. Instead of the howl of the wolf, the songs of husbandmen now echo through their vales, where may be found many comfortable dwellings.

The Saginaw runs towards the north, and falls into Lake Huron,—that same Huron which has been celebrated in song by the young poet, Louis L. Noble. This river is navigable for sixty miles. The river

* Lanman's Travels in North America.

Raisin is a winding stream, emptying into Lake Erie, called so from the quantity of grapes that cluster on its banks. Its Indian name is Numma-sepee, signifying River of Sturgeons. Sweet river! whose murmurs have so often been my lullaby, mayest thou continue in thy beauty for ever.

Notwithstanding the comparative newness of Michigan, its general aspect is ancient. The ruin of many an old fort may be discovered on its borders, reminding the beholder of wrong and outrage, blood and strife. This was once the home of noble but oppressed nations. Here lived and loved the Algonquin and Shawnese Indians; the names of whose warrior chiefs—Pontiac the proud, and Tecumseh the brave—will long be treasured in history. I have stood upon their graves, which are marked only by a blighted tree and an unhewn stone, and have sighed deeply as I remembered their deeds. But they have gone,—gone like the lightning of a summer day!

It is a traditionary land. For we are told that the Indian hunters of old saw fairies and genii floating over its lakes and streams, and dancing through its lonely forests. In these did they believe, and to please them was their religion.

The historian of this state, J. H. Lanman, Esq. thus writes, in alluding to the olden times: "The streams rolled their liquid silver to the lake, broken only by the fish that flashed in their current, or the swan that floated upon their surface. Vegetation flourished alone. Roses bloomed and died, only to be trampled by the deer or savage; and strawberries studded the ground like rubies, where the green and sunny hillsides reposed amid the silence, like sleeping infants in the lap of the forest. The rattlesnake glided undisturbed through its prairies; and the fog, which hung in clouds over its stagnant marshes, spread no

pestilence. The panther, the fox, the deer, the wolf, and the bear, roamed fearless through the more remote parts of the domain, for there were none to dispute with them their inheritance. But clouds thickened. In the darkness of midnight, and silence of the wilderness, the tomahawk and scalping-knife were forged for their work of death. Speeches were made by the savages under the voiceless stars, which were heard by none save God and their allies; and the war-song echoed from the banks of lakes where had never been heard the footsteps of civilized man."

Then followed the horrors of war; then and there were enacted the triumphs of revenge. But those sounds have died away; and those deeds are traced only on the page of history. The voice of rural labour, the clink of the hammer, and the sound of Sabbath-bells now echo in those forests and vales. The plough is making deep furrows in its soil, and the sound of the anvil is in every part. A well-endowed University, and seminaries of learning are there. Railroads and canals, like veins of health, are gliding to its noble heart. The red man, in his original grandeur and state of nature, has passed away from its more fertile borders; and his bitterest enemy, the pale face, is master of his possessions.

The French were the first who settled in Michigan, and at as early a date as 1620, and for many years, they and the Indians were the sole inhabitants. Here it was that the far-famed Jesuit missionaries first pitched their tents in (what is now) the United States. Now, people out of every civilized nation dwell within its borders. Detroit, on the superb river of that name, and Frenchtown, on the river Raisin, were both founded by the French. The former of these is a city, a flourishing city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, where are to be found all the elegancies and luxury of the

most polite society. Its principal street would be an ornament in any city; its elevation is some fifty feet above the water, and from its docks, the eye wanders over a scene not unlike that visible from the North River side of the Empire city. Like most cities, it appears to the best advantage in winter. Then it is that you may often witness the beautiful Detroit river frozen like marble, and on its surface hundreds of sleighs and skaters gliding in every direction; while a chorus of bells comes faintly and sweetly to your ear. Monroe is the modern name for Frenchtown. It is situated about two miles from Lake Erie, and is also a flourishing town, containing some four thousand inhabitants, a goodly portion of whom are the descendants of the early settlers. Detroit and Monroe are two of the best wheat markets in the western country. Ann-Arbor, on the Huron, is the New Haven of Michigan, and possesses many attractions in the way of intelligent people, picturesque scenery, and handsome buildings. Niles, on the St. Joseph, is a most difficult place to pass *through*, for the traveller always feels an irresistible impulse to remain there for ever,—it is so charmingly situated, on such a charming stream, and inhabited by such charming people. But I might sing this song under the head of Kalamazoo, Ypsilanti, Tecumseh, Adrian, Pontiac, Grand Rapids, Jackson, Battle Creek, and twenty other thriving villages, which are all surrounded by a fine agricultural country. I cannot now dwell upon such themes. Numma-sepee is ringing in my ear, and my thoughts are with my body, on the river, and in the village, where I was born. Here I am, after an absence of many years, a visitor, and to half the people a stranger, on the very soil where I spent my wild and happy boyhood. I will not touch upon the improvements that meet me at every turn, nor upon the troops of friends that surround me; my

heart is with the village of other days, not with the business city of the present time; and as to my friends, I thank them for their kindness, but they are not of my kindred; they are changed, and I can only look upon them as strangers. Reader, as you love to remember the sunny days of your own life, I invite you to listen to my words, as I attempt to summon from the past an array of my most dearly-cherished recollections.

Judging from the many accounts I have heard, the spot now occupied by Monroe must have been, before the last war, one of the most delightful nooks in the wide world. Its original name, as before stated, was Frenchtown, and its only inhabitants were French, who had emigrated thither from France by the way of Canada. The families did not number more than about fifty, and the names of the most conspicuous were Navarre, Duval, Beaubien, Bourdeaux, Couture, Nadeau, Bannac, Cicot, Campau, Jobien, Godfroy, Lasselle, Corsenau, Labadee, Durocher, Robert, Lacroix, Dausette, Loranger, Sancomb, and Fourniet. They inhabited what might be called an oasis in the wilderness. Their farms all lay directly upon either side of the river, and though principally devoted to agricultural pursuits, they were content with but a few acres of cleared land, and beyond these, on either hand, stood the mighty forests in their original solitude and luxuriance. Along their doors glided the ever-murmuring Raisin, whose fountain-head was then among the things unknown, and its waters mingled with those of Erie, without being disturbed by the keel of any steamboat or white-winged vessel. Comfort and beauty characterized their dwellings, and around them grew in great abundance domestic trees, that yielded the most delicious fruits. In their midst stood a little chapel, overgrown with ivy and surmounted by a cross, where the Jesuit

missionaries or other Catholic priests performed their religious duties. The soft-toned bell that summoned them to worship, was not without its echoes, but they dwelt far away upon the sleeping lake or in the bosom of the surrounding wilderness. Here the tumult of the great human world was never heard, and money and fame were not the chief desire of the secluded husbandman, for he was at ease in his possessions. Indians, the smoke of whose wigwams ascended to heaven on every side, were the only people with whom the early settlers had intercourse; from them they obtained valuable furs, by barter, which they sent to Montreal, receiving in exchange the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life. They maintained the habits which were brought from the provinces whence they emigrated. The gentleman preserved the garb of the age of Louis XIV, while the peasant wore a long surtout, sash, red cap, and deer-skin moccasins. Their knowledge of agriculture was very limited, and the policy of the fur trade was calculated to keep down the spirit of improvement in that respect. Of corn and wheat they were anxious only to raise enough to last them during the year. A surplus of anything but furs they did not desire, and never possessed. Their grain was ground in windmills, whose picturesque features added to the poetry of their scenery. Their amusements were confined to the sound of the violin, at their unaffected assemblies.

The forest afforded them an abundance of game, which constantly led them to the hunt, and their beautiful stream abounded in fish, which they captured with the net, the hook, and the spear. A dreamy summer atmosphere seems to rest upon this region, when viewed in the light of the olden times. There was poetry in every thing which met the eye: in the priest, in his black robe, kneeling before a wooden

cross, on his way to the place of prayer; in the peasant, as he performed his rural labours, attended by his wife and playful children; in the rude Indians, with fantastic costumes, who were wont to play their uncouth games on the greensward, or perform their dexterous feats in the bark canoe; in the sky, which smiled perpetually upon the virgin wilderness; and in that wilderness, whose peculiar features verily blossomed as the unplucked rose. And there was poetry in all that fell upon the ear; in the lowing of the cattle, and the tinkling of their bells; in the gentle flowing waters, and the sound of the summer wind, as it sported with the forest trees, and wandered away, laden with the perfume of nameless flowers; in the singing of unnumbered birds, which ascended to the skies in a perpetual anthem; and in the loud clear laugh of French and Indian children, as they mingled together in their simple games. But those patriarchal days are for ever departed! In another part of the country, Tecumseh and Pontiac were beginning to figure in successive battles against the United States, and their hostile spirit soon manifested itself upon this frontier. The Indians upon this river became the enemies of the settlers, which event turned out to be the prelude to a storm of war that scattered death and desolation along its path. But many years have fled since then, and the blessings of peace and prosperity are now resting upon our country.

The poor Indians have almost withered from the land, and those French inhabitants, like all things earthly, are on their way to the land of forgetfulness. Another race of men succeeded here, and can be numbered by thousands; and where once extended the dominion of the wilderness, a business city now looks down upon the river, which has become an adopted servant of commerce.

I cannot refrain from here quoting the following passage from Charlevoix, descriptive of the scenery as it existed when he passed through this region in seventeen hundred and twenty-one :

"The first of June, being the day of Pentecost, after having sailed up a beautiful river (the Raisin) for the space of an hour, which has its rise, as they say, at a great distance, and runs betwixt two fine meadows, we passed over a carrying place of about sixty paces in breadth, in order to avoid turning round a point which is called Long Point. It is a very sandy spot of ground, and naturally bears a great quantity of vines. The following days I saw nothing remarkable, but coasted along a charming country, hid at times by disagreeable prospects, which, however, are of no great extent. Wherever I went ashore, I was enchanted by the beauty and variety of a landscape, terminated by the noblest forests in the whole world. Add to this, that every part of it swarms with water-fowl. I cannot say whether the woods afford game in equal profusion. Were we all to sail, as I there did, with a serene sky, in a most charming climate, and in water as clear as that of the purest fountain; were we sure of finding every where as secure and agreeable places to pass the night in, where we might enjoy the pleasures of hunting at a small expense, breathe at our ease of the purest air, and enjoy the prospect of the finest of countries, we might be tempted to travel to the end of our days. How many oaks represented to me that of Mamre! How many fountains put me in mind of that of Jacob! Each day a new situation, chosen at pleasure, a neat and commodious house built and furnished with all necessaries in less than a quarter of an hour, and floored with a pavement of flowers, continually springing up on a carpet of the most beautiful green; —on all sides simple and natural beauties, unadulterated and inimitable by art."

In this region I spent my wild and wayward boyhood. In the prime of summer I have watched for pigeons on the margin of the forest springs; in the strangely beautiful autumn and Indian summer, I have captured the squirrel and partridge; and in the winter the turkey and the deer. Reader! have you ever, while roaming in the woods bordering a prairie, startled from his heathery couch a noble buck, and seen him dart from you, "swift as an arrow from a shivering bow?" Was it not a sight worthy of a purer world than ours? Did you not hail him "king of the beautiful and fleet?"

There is one hunting incident which I met with when about fourteen years of age, that I can never forget. I had entered upon a cow-path, and as it led through so many and such beautiful places, I forgot myself and wandered on until the shadows of evening warned me of my situation. Great oaks and hickories, and walnut-trees, were with me wherever I went. They cast a spell upon me like that which is wrought by the old of other days. The black night came at last, and there I was, alone, and lost in that silent wilderness. Onward still did I continue, and even in my great fear was at times startled by the flapping of an owlet's wing, or the howl of a wolf. The stars were above, shining in their brightness, but invisible to me, so closely woven were the tops of the trees. Faintly glimmering in the distance, I saw a firelight, and on coming near, found a party of Indians encamped. My breast panted with excessive fear, and yet I could not speak—could hardly breathe, and still my mind was free and active. I stood and listened to the faint sound of a distant waterfall. Would that I had power to express the emotions that came like a flood pouring into my soul. Covered by a blanket, and pillowed by a mocuck of sugar, each Indian was asleep upon his

rush-mat. Parents, children, and friends, promiscuously disposed, though all of them with their feet turned toward the expiring embers. The dogs, too, looking ferocious and cunning as wolves, were all sound asleep. I stole softly into the midst of the wild company, and covering myself with an old blanket, strange to say, I slumbered. When morning came, and the Indians discovered a pale-faced boy among them, their astonishment can be more easily conceived than described. I at length informed them by signs that I was lost, and that my home was in the village of Monroe. I partook with them of a hearty breakfast, composed of venison, hommony, and water, and ere the sun had mounted high, was on my way homeward, with an Indian for my guide. As we parted on the outskirts of the village, I offered to pay him for his trouble, but he declined receiving any thing. I turned round, and the thick forest shielded him from my sight. Of course my friends were much concerned at my absence, and the majority of them insisted upon my having been drowned. For one whole week after this adventure, I was compelled to stay at home; but after that it was forgotten, and I was in the forests again.

But my heart-song of other days is just beginning, and I cannot yet drop my pen. My father's residence was upon one of the old French farms, that were once so famous for their Arcadian beauty. The hand of improvement has despoiled them of their original glory, and the strange, gaudy scenes that I now behold, only tend to oppress my spirit with gloom. The city dwellings around me I cannot see, for my mind is upon the village of my birth. The farm alluded to above, was about half a mile in width, and extended back to the distance of nearly two miles. Leaving the river and going back, you first pass through an orchard containing

four or five hundred trees. Here a row of splendid pear-trees, and there a regiment of old black apple-trees, staggering under their weight of fruit. Entering a little enclosure behind a barn, you might see fifty small light green trees, with an innumerable number of rosy-cheeked peaches under their leaves. And now we pass the great cider-press, where I was wont to imbibe the rich American wine through an oaten straw. A little further on, we come to a green pasture, where there are cows, oxen, sheep, and horses grazing; onward still, and a wheat-field, yellow as gold, bowing before the breeze. Then our path lies across a pleasant meadow, watered by a sparkling stream; and after a brief walk we find ourselves in the forest, dark and gloomy. And such was the spot where I spent the morning of my days. Is it strange, then, that a deep and holy love for nature should be rooted in my heart?

That description reminds me of another hunting expedition, of which I would merely give an outline. It is early morning, and the latter part of spring. Breakfast is ended. My cap and buckskin shirt are on, the latter gathered round my waist by a scarlet worsted belt. My powder-horn and shot-pouch are filled with the nicest kind of ammunition, and in my hand is my valued little gun (bought expressly for myself), polished bright as a sunbeam. I have kissed the baby, and am now on my winding way. At the mouth of the river, I borrow a canoe of some old Frenchman who resides there. If I were to offer him pay he would not accept it; for the interesting reason that he "knows my father."—All the day long have I been hunting, and revelling in a dream-land of my own. The sun is in the west, and I am hungry. I have paddled around many a green and lovely island, and explored many a bayou and marsh, and outlets of creeks; frightening from her lonely nest many a wild-duck and her brood. My shot-

pouch is now empty, although the bottom of my canoe is covered with game. There are five canvass-backs, three teals, three plovers, two snipes, one wood-duck, and other kinds of waterfowl. The canoe is drawn up on shore, and with my thanks I have given old Robert a couple of ducks. My game is now slung upon my back, and I am homeward bound, proud as a young king. While passing through the village (for I have to do so), I hear a voice exclaiming, "Lally! Lally!" I approach, and find my father and several other gentlemen seated at the post-office door talking politics. Each one in turn gives me a word of praise, calling me "quite a hunter." I pay them for their kindness on the spot, by the donation of a canvass-back, and pass on.

That evening my supper is a rare enjoyment, for some of the ducks have been cooked under the especial charge of my mother. A little longer, and I am in the land of dreams. Many, very many such days have I enjoyed.

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## A GLIMPSE OF DETROIT.*

The position of Detroit is one of the finest imaginable. It is on a strait between Lake Erie and Lake St. Clair, commanding the whole internal commerce of these great "successive seas." Michigan, of which it is the capital, being now received into the Union, its importance, both as a frontier town and a place of trade, increases every day.

The origin of the city was a little palisadoed fort, erected here, in 1702, by the French under La Mote

* Mrs. Jameson—Sketches in Canada.

Cadillac, to defend their fur trade. It was then called Fort Portchartrain. From this time till 1760 it remained in possession of the French, and continued to increase slowly. So late as 1721, Charlevoix speaks of the vast herds of buffaloes ranging the plains west of the city. Meantime, under the protection of the fort, the settlement and cultivation of the neighbouring districts went on, in spite of the attacks of some of the neighbouring tribes of Indians, particularly the Ottagamies, who, with the Iroquois, seem to have been the only decided and irreconcilable enemies whom the French found in this province. The capture of Quebec, and the death of Wolfe, being followed by the cession of the whole of the French territory in North America to the power of great Britain, Detroit, with all the other trading posts in the west, was given up to the English. It is curious that the French submitted to this change of masters more easily than the Indians, who were by no means inclined to exchange the French for the English alliance. "Whatever may have been the cause," says Governor Cass, "the fact is certain, that there is in the French character a peculiar adaptation to the habits and feelings of the Indians; and to this day the period of French domination is the era of all that is happy in Indian reminiscences."

The conciliating manners of the French towards the Indians, and the judgment with which they managed all their intercourse with them, has had a permanent effect on the minds of those tribes who were in friendship with them. At this day, if the British are generally preferred to the Americans, the French are always preferred to either. A Chippewa chief, addressing the American agent at the Sault Ste. Marie, so late as 1826, thus fondly referred to the period of the French dominion:—"When the Frenchman arrived at these Falls, they came and kissed us. They called

us children; and we found them fathers. We lived like brethren in the same lodge; and we had always wherewithal to clothe us. They never mocked at our ceremonies, and they never molested the places of our dead. Seven generations of men have passed away, but we have not forgotten it. Just, very just, were they towards us!"

The discontent of the Indian tribes upon the transfer of the forts and trading posts into the possession of the British, showed itself early, and at length gave rise to one of the most prolonged and savage of all the Indian wars, that of Pontiac, in 1763.

Of this Pontiac you have read, no doubt, in various books of travels and anecdotes of Indian chiefs. But it is *one* thing to read of these events by an English fireside, where the features of the scene—the forest wilds echoing to the war-whoop—the painted warriors—the very words scalping, tomahawking, bring no definite meaning to the mind, only a vague horror;—and quite *another* thing to recall them here on the spot, arraying in all their dread yet picturesque reality. Pontiac is the hero *par excellence* of all these regions; and in all the histories of Detroit, when Detroit becomes a great capital of the west, he will figure like Caractacus or Arminius in the Roman history. The English comtemporaries call him king and emperor of the Indians; but there is absolutely no sovereignty among these people. Pontiac was merely a war chief, chosen in the usual way, but exercising a more than usual influence, not by mere bravery—the universal savage virtue—but by talents of a rarer kind; a power of reflection and combination rarely mèt with in the character of the red warrior. Pontiac was a man of genius, and would have ruled his fellowmen under any circumstances, and in any country. He formed a project similar to that which Tecumseh entertained

fifty years later. He united all the north-western tribes of Ottawas, Chippewas, and Pottowattomies, in one great confederacy against the British, "the dogs in red coats;" and had very nearly caused the overthrow, at least the temporary overthrow of our power. He had planned a simultaneous attack on all the trading posts in the possession of the English, and so far succeeded that ten of these forts were surprised about the same time, and all the English soldiers and traders massacred, while the French were spared. Before any tidings of these horrors and outrages could reach Detroit, Pontiac was here in friendly guise, and all his measures admirably arranged for taking this fort also by stratagem, and murdering every Englishman within it. All had been lost, if a poor Indian woman, who had received much kindness from the family of the commandment (Major Gladwyn) had not revealed the danger. I do not yet quite understand why Major Gladwyn, on the discovery of Pontiac's treachery, and having him in his power, did not make him and his whole band prisoners; such a stroke would have ended, or rather it would have prevented, the war. But it must be remembered that Major Gladwyn was ignorant of the systematic plan of extermination adopted by Pontiac; the news of the massacres at the upper forts had not reached him; he knew of nothing but the attempt on himself, and from motives of humanity or magnanimity he suffered them to leave the fort and go free. No sooner were they on the outside of the palisades, than they set up the war-yell "like so many devils," as a bystander expressed it, and turned and discharged their rifles on the garrison. The war, thus savagely declared, was accompanied by all those atrocious barbarities, and turns of fate, and traits of heroism, and hair-breadth escapes, which render these Indian conflicts so exciting, so terrific, so picturesque.

Detroit was in a state of siege by the Indians for twelve months, and gallantly and successfully defended by Major Gladwyn, till relieved by General Bradstreet.

The first time I was able to go out, my good-natured landlord drove me himself in his waggon (*Anglicè*, gig), with as much attention and care for my comfort, as if I had been his near relation. The evening was glorious; the sky perfectly Italian—a genuine Claude Lorraine sky, that beautiful intense amber light reaching to the very zenith, while the purity and transparent loveliness of the atmospheric effects carried me back to Italy and times long past. I felt it all, as people feel things after a sharp fit of indisposition, when the nervous system, languid at once and sensitive, thrills and trembles to every breath of air. As we drove slowly and silently along, we came to a sluggish, melancholy looking rivulet, to which the man pointed with his whip. "I expect," said he, "you know all about the battle of the Bloody Run?"

I was obliged to confess my ignorance, not without a slight shudder at the hateful, ominous name which sounded in my ear like an epitome of all imaginable horrors.

This was the scene of a night attack made by three hundred British upon the camp of the Indians, who were then besieging Detroit. The Indians had notice of their intention, and prepared an ambush to receive them. They had just reached the bank of this rivulet, when the Indian foe fell upon them suddenly. They fought hand to hand, bayonet and tomahawk, in the darkness of the night. Before the English could extricate themselves, seventy men and most of the officers fell and were scalped on the spot. "Them Indians," said my informant, "fought like brutes and devils" (as most men do, I thought, who fight for revenge and existence), and they say the creek here,

when morning came, ran red with blood; and so they call it the Bloody Run."

As they have called Tecumseh the Indian Napoleon, they might style Pontiac the Indian Alexander. Here, for instance, is a touch of magnanimity quite in the *Alexander-the-great* style. Pontiac, before the commencement of the war, had provided for the safety of a British officer, Major Rogers by name, who was afterwards employed to relieve Detroit, when besieged by the Indians. On this occasion he sent Pontiac a bottle of brandy, to show he had not forgotten his former obligations to him. Those who were around the Indian warrior when the present arrived, particularly some Frenchmen, warned him not to taste it, as it might be poisoned. Pontiac instantly took a draught from it, saying, as he put the bottle to his lips, that "it was not *in the power* of Major Rogers to hurt him who had so lately saved his life." I think this story is no unworthy pendant to that of Alexander and his physician.

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## MOUNT HEKLA AND THE GEYSERS.*

Heigho for Hekla! The day of our excursion was a noted one in my calendar. The sun had many hours the start of us, getting up as he does here at two o'clock in the morning. An early hour, however, found us in our saddles. The morning was magnificently bright, the mountain being visible, clear to the curling wreath of smoke on the summit. Little patches of snow, here and there near the top, made a break in the

* From Miles' Rambles in Iceland.

broad black streams of lava that covered every part of the mountain. We provided ourselves with every requisite for a long day's journey. My knapsack was well stored with good things—solids and fluids; and then I had my old Scotch companion, the tartan plaid, to keep the cold away; and each of us had a fine staff—what the Swiss travellers call an Alpen-stock, but ours were Hekla-stocks, Iceland staffs—some six feet long, and armed with a strong, sharp, iron pike. My travelling guide, the farmer of Nœfrholt, and myself, made up the party—not quite a princely retinue, but enough. Yes, and there was our dog, Nero. The top of the mountain was distant about seven miles, of which we could ride nearly four. Away we galloped through some fine green meadows, till we came to a mountain gorge on our right, down which in numerous cascades poured a small river. Several ducks and water-hens flew away as we approached their mountain home. Passing through this gorge, we came into a circular meadow entirely shut in by mountains, like an immense amphitheatre, and this was the last bit of productive land on our way towards the summit of Hekla. A hut was erected here, as a temporary residence for the farmer while gathering his hay. High, precipitous hills of red lava overhung our path on the right, but the ascent for some distance was gradual. For near a mile, we galloped our horses over a gently ascending plain of fine volcanic sand. High up the mountain side were several sheep, but scarce a blade of grass could be seen where they stood. Perhaps they went up to enjoy the prospect of the green meadows far in the distance. We soon found our mountain climbing was not going to be play. Our ponies found it so too. Our route was intercepted by a broad and high stream of lava that extended six or seven miles from the summit of the mountain. We turned to the right in a southerly

direction, and for four or five hundred yards found it about as steep as our ponies could climb. We took a zig-zag course to relieve the animals, and after half an hour's climbing found ourselves on a level table-land, nearly half a mile across. We were now about a thousand feet above the lower region, where we left the farm house; and here we were obliged to leave our horses. The Icelanders have an ingenious way of fastening their animals so that they cannot stray away. They fasten all their horses in a circle, tying the head of one to the tail of another, and bringing the head of the first round to the tail of the last. If they choose to travel, they can; but like John on his rocking-horse, they may gallop all day in one interminable circle, and not get far. Near where we left the horses, extending away to our right, was a large stream of lava—one that came from the eruption of 1845; and though seven years had elapsed, it was not yet cool, and smoke was rising from it in many places. The "streams of lava" that run from the craters of volcanoes, and which here in Iceland are seen on the plains as well as on the mountains, are usually from twenty to forty feet deep, from a hundred yards to half a mile in breadth, and from one to ten miles long. They are vast ridges of rough, black rocks, of a most forbidding aspect, the largest masses weighing from one to three or four tons. When it flows from the mountain, it is a stream of molten mineral, and its progress generally rather slow, but dependent on the steepness of the mountain, and the size and force of the stream. Melted lava often does not move more than from fifty to one hundred yards in a day, but in some cases it may run several miles. It soon begins to explode and break up, by the expansion and escape of the air within it, and by the force of the steam created by moisture on the surface of the ground beneath. While the lava is breaking up, for several

days it keeps up a terrible roaring. Then this rough mass, as black as charcoal, lies unchanged in appearance for centuries. After a long time, it begins to turn a little brown, and on its surface appears in minute particles one of the lowest order of mosses.

The learned Spallanzani, Brydone, Dr. Holland, and others who have investigated the subject, have all agreed that there are no data on which a rule can be established, or a judgment formed, as to the age of the lava. It is light and porous, usually not more than half the specific gravity of granite. Pumice, among other volcanic substances, is lighter than water, and will float. Very old lavas are often of a bright red colour, and soft and light, having something of the consistency of chalk. Much of the matter thrown out of a volcano, at certain periods of the eruption, is in the form of fine, black sand. We amused ourselves by rolling some masses of old lava down a steep declivity into a valley. It was very red, and so rotten that it broke into innumerable pieces. Leaving our horses, we commenced the ascent. While crossing a rough stream of lava, a mass, weighing one or two tons, rolled as I stepped on it, and threw me down, and I had a narrow escape from a severe accident. I got off with a bruised shin, certainly not so unpleasant a companion as a broken bone would be, especially in a region like this, where there is not a skilful surgeon within a thousand miles. Our ascent led up a valley, having on our left the stream of lava aforesaid, and on our right and before us a hill of volcanic sand. Into this our feet sank deeply at every step. Half an hour brought us to the steep front of the mountain, and now commenced the ascent in real earnest. There was no bilking it; climb we must. Up, up we went, like crows scaling Ben Nevis. How the guides travelled so easy I could not tell. They had a heavy knapsack, with

bottles of water and bottles of milk, and I had nothing; but they tripped lightly along under their burdens, while I found it hard work. At first I could go ten or fifteen minutes without resting; but after an hour or so I had to stop every five or six yards, throw myself on the ground and recruit. Though nearly "tired to death," as boys say, yet in an astonishingly short space of time the fatigue would vanish. Here the surface was volcanic sand—beaten hard by the wind, apparently—and a good road to travel on. There were fragments of lava—"slag" and "scoriæ"—scattered over the ground. Some of these I started down the mountain, but they were so rotten that they broke into pieces before rolling a hundred yards. We were getting between two and three thousand feet high, nearly half way up the mountain; and yet vegetation had not entirely ceased. Now and then, we could see a bit of grass, and sometimes a very small plant. One tiny, yellow flower, not bigger than a gold dollar, I gathered and put in my pocket-book; and it proved to be the last flower that I saw in going up. While stopping to rest, I found I had frequent recourse to a certain glass thing that I carried—vulgarly called a "pocket pistol."

After about two hours hard climbing, we arrived at the top of an eminence where I had hoped we should at least see the summit of the mountain, and that not far off; but we were yet a long distance from it; hills peeping o'er hills, and one peak rising above another. The weather was beautiful; and, far to the west, we could see the rivers with their green valleys, and beyond them the snow-covered jokulls of the far north. To the south we could see the Atlantic, though more than thirty miles distant. I noticed here and there, among the dark-coloured lava and sand, a white-looking boulder, bearing evident marks of fire; some the size of a cannon-shot, and some that would weigh nearly half a

ton. They were not granite, neither were they chalk: but I could not break them or carry away a specimen; so I had to be content with knowing they were not ordinary lava, but still something that must have been thrown out of the volcano.

Our ascent grew less precipitous, and we veered to the left, not going directly towards the summit. At the height of about 4,000 feet, we first struck the snow. This was the first snow I had trod since arriving in Iceland; and, as if the whole order of nature must be reversed here, it was black. This was not however the natural colour, but a complexion it had assumed from being so near the mouth of the volcano. Sand, ashes, dust, and smoke, had coated and begrimed it so thoroughly that the whole surface was like fine charcoal. A long valley was filled with it. As near as I could judge, it was from five to fifty feet deep. We passed over several snow-banks that were many hundred yards in breadth, some of which had not lost their white colour. From the level country in the distance, these snow-banks looked like mere patches, but here we found some of them nearly a quarter of a mile across. We ascended the mountain from the west, but now we were north of the summit, and where most of the snow lay. Clouds now gathered round us, and we had to grope our way in the fog for some time. The ascent grew more precipitous, and the climbing was exceedingly toilsome. The earth and lava now appeared of a red colour. We seemed to be approaching the region of fire. Sulphurous fumes saluted our nostrils; the weather cleared a little, and, suddenly, before us yawned a deep crater. What a horrible chasm! Fire and brimstone literally: dark, curling smoke, yellow sulphur, and red cinders, appearing on every side of it. The crater was funnel-shaped, about 150 feet deep, and about the same distance across at the top. This was

one of four craters where the fire burst out in 1845. After the eruption, they had caved in, and remained as we now saw them. In a row above this one, extending towards the top of the mountain, were three other craters, all similar in appearance.

Our progress now was one of great danger. At our left was the north side of the mountain; and for a long distance it was a perpendicular wall, dropping off more than a thousand feet below us. A large stone thrown over, never sent back an echo. The craters were on our right, and between these and the precipice on our left we threaded a narrow ridge of sand, not wider than a common foot-path. A more awful scene, or a more dangerous place I hope never to be in. Had it not been for my long staff, I never could have proceeded. The dangers and terrors of the scene were greatly increased by the clouds and cold wind that came up on our left, and the smoke and sulphurous stench that rose from the craters on our right. One moment we were in danger of falling over the perpendicular side of the mountain on the one hand, and the next of being swallowed up in the burning crater on the other. Our path was exceedingly steep, and for nearly a quarter of a mile we pursued it with slow and cautious steps. Old Nero saw the danger, and set up a dismal howl. A few moments after, he slipped, and was near falling into the fiery pit. In five minutes, an animal or a man would have been baked to a cinder. Pursuing our way by the four craters, our path widened, and half an hour more brought us to the top of the mountain. Our purpose was accomplished; we stood on the summit of Mount Hekla! A toilsome journey it had been for us. I threw myself on the ground, and took a look at the scene before me. The top of the mountain was not a peak, but broad and nearly flat, with here and there a little irregularity of surface. It was about a quarter

of a mile across in one direction—from west to east—and some fifty rods the other way. In several places were deep snow-banks, but as yet we saw no crater on the summit.

It was now two o'clock, it having taken us about eight hours to make the ascent. Though we saw no crater, we had very direct evidence that we were in close proximity to volcanic fires. Little eminences of lava stood up around us, from which smoke issued; and the ground under our feet felt warm. On removing the earth to the depth of two or three inches it felt hot; and on digging down anywhere to the depth of six inches, smoke would burst out. Six inches deeper, and no doubt a man might light a cigar. I went close to a bank of snow—to have something to cool my punch—spread out my tartan plaid on a warm piece of lava, opened my knapsack, sat down and dined. That was the *loftiest* dinner I had ever partaken. I had nearly a bottle of claret left, and a small drop of something stronger. The guides had a bottle of milk, the snow did the cooling, and I made a capital lot of milk punch. I drank several toasts; thought of my friends far, far away; and the distance I had travelled, and must travel again before I could see them. In that half hour—in that dinner on Hekla's smoking summit, I seemed to enjoy a sociality in the thought of friends and home, that I could not have supposed a communion with one's thoughts in solitude would bring. Nero lay at my feet, the guides were conversing at a little distance, the lava around me was warm; and after a little time the weather cleared up, and left a blue sky and clear atmosphere, with a full opportunity to survey the wondrous panorama of nature that lay spread out below and around us.

A little way to the east was a slight elevation, to which I directed my steps. Here I stood on the

highest summit of Mount Hekla. A more magnificent prospect was never seen. Iceland was spread below and around me like a map. We were more than six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and higher than the tops of nearly every mountain in Iceland. To the west and north-west were vast green tracts of meadow land, checkered with hills and surrounded by mountains. White shining rivers intersected the valleys and plains like long silver ribbons. Far in the north, and to the north-east, were the snowy mountains, not in peaks, but stretching away in immense plains of brilliant white, and glistening in the sunshine.

In a valley, some twenty miles to the north-west, was a beautiful cluster of lakes, the water often of a deep green colour, as they reflected the meadows on their banks. Now and then in the landscape would appear the Iceland "forest," like patches of shrubbery of a dark green hue. Some hills and old lava districts were covered with heath, now in full bloom, and clothing the land in a robe of purple. The surface of Hekla itself, and the ground on every side, some distance from the base, was one black mass of lava. To the north-west, and near at hand, rising abruptly from the plain to the height of 2,500 feet, was *Bjolfell*, a bold and singular-looking mountain. A dark cloud lay in the south-east, intercepting the view, but on every other side the sky was clear and the prospect uninterrupted. To the south, far out to sea—distant about forty miles—were the Westmann Islands, rising abruptly out of the water to the height of more than 2,000 feet, and showing their basaltic cliffs in a clearly-defined outline. Cities, villages, and human habitations, filled no part of the landscape. The magical purity of the atmosphere, and the singular character of this volcanic country, make a view from the top of

Mount Hekla one of the most extensive and varied of any on the earth's surface.* The view from this mountain must extend more than 200 miles, showing a visible horizon of at least 1,500 miles in circuit. Most fortunately the day was beautifully clear; and, after the first half hour on the summit, the whole country was visible. To the north-east, seemingly quite below us, in the valley of the river Tungná, was a landscape of tiny streams, little lakes, green meadows, and heath-clad hills. One small lake—the Grœnavatn (*green lake*)—was shaped like the moon when nearly full, and looked scarcely larger than a saucer. The mountains to the south, the lofty Tindfjalla and Eyjafjalla Jokulls, rose up in separate knobs or peaks, the latter justifying its name of "mountain of islands."

I thought I never should tire of contemplating the varied scene around me. But the day was fast wearing away, and much yet remained to be seen on the mountain top. As yet, I had observed no crater on the summit; but going to the top of a little elevation, about one hundred yards from my dining table, it yawned before me. This was the principal crater of the mountain, and larger than all the four that we had seen on our way up. It was of very irregular form, nearly a quarter of a mile in extent one way—a long chasm some two or three hundred feet deep—and about one hundred yards wide. Some parts of the sides were perpendicular, and smoke was coming out of fissures and crevices in many places. There were several

* Since the above was written, the writer has ascended Ætna in Sicily, and Vesuvius in Italy. Though these countries are far richer in natural productions, and abound in towns and cities, and the bay of Naples is proverbial for its beauty, yet he must say that the view from Mount Hekla is far more varied and beautiful, on account of the clearness of the atmosphere, and the variety of the mountain, valley, and island scenery.

deep snow-banks in it; and though the entrance to a region of perpetual "fire and brimstone," yet there has been no eruption from this crater for ages. We rolled some stones down the steep side of the crater, that crashed and thundered to the bottom, and were lost in a vast cloud of smoke. The guides now did nothing without urging; but I was determined, if possible, to go down into the crater. We went to the east end of it, where the descent was most gradual, and on a steep bank of snow, by a process well known to boys as "sliding down hill," we soon found ourselves at the bottom. Rather a risky place, inside of Hekla's burning crater; but if the lava and smoke proved too warm friends, we could cool off by jumping into a snow-bank.

We went through every part of this wonderful pit, now holding our hands in a stream of warm smoke, and again clambering over rocks, and standing under arches of snow. The ground under our feet was principally moist earth; the sides of the crater, rock-lava, and in many places loose slags and scoriæ. One most remarkable basaltic rock lay near the centre of the crater. It was spherical, nearly as round as a cannon-ball, and about twenty or twenty-five feet in diameter. It lay, apparently, entirely on the surface of the ground; and though of compact and solid structure, there were small cracks all over it, from the twentieth of an inch to a quarter of an inch across. Out of these cracks on every side of the rock, smoke and hot steam constantly issued. The ground all round it was moist earth and volcanic sand, and showed few signs of heat. Not ten feet from this rock was an abrupt bank of snow, at least twenty feet deep. In one place under it was a crevice in the lava, where the heat came out; and it had melted away the snow, forming a beautiful arch some ten feet high. We walked under it, and found

streams of clear water running from the snow. At these pure fountains we filled some of our empty bottles. For the benefit of any future travellers here, I will mention, that had it not been for my own curiosity and perseverence, I never should have gone into this crater, or even have seen it at all. My mountain guide, the farmer of Nœfrholt, seemed to think his duty performed after we were once on the top of the mountain. I hunted up the crater, quite out of sight from where we arrived on the broad summit of the mountain, went to the brink, and then insisted on descending into it. After getting down to the bottom of the crater, a way selected entirely by myself, he very coolly informed me that he had a short time before gone down into it with some Danish gentlemen. After I had satisfied my curiosity in varied explorations, the guide proposed a place for our exit on the west, but where I am sure, had we attempted an ascent, we should have broken our necks. As we could not well slide up the hill where we had slidden down, I proposed an egress just to the north of our enormous smoking boulder; and it was so terribly steep that I thought we should inevitably tumble back into the crater after we were nearly to the top.

We emerged from our warm pit, directly on the north edge of the mountain, where it fell off a vast distance in one perpendicular crag.

The little green lake lay in its nest like a drop of water, some ten miles away, and the majestic Bjolfell reared its black form in solemn state nearly half as high as Hekla itself. We walked clear round the crater, and came to a deep, broad crack in the lava, which we had to leap across, and then returned to the place of our ascent, crossing a broad field of snow.

This snow was many years old, and from five to thirty or forty feet deep; and in several places heat

came from the mountain, and melted it out in a great hole—the shape of an inverted potash-kettle. I thrust my pike into the snow; and on withdrawing it, it showed that deep blue tint which I had supposed was only seen in new snow. Having gathered samples of all the lavas that I had seen, and loaded the guides with them, we prepared to descend. Perhaps the loads of lava that the guides carried, increased their speed, urging them along in their down-hill course. The narrow pathway between the craters and the north brink of the mountain, we found far less dangerous on returning, as the weather was clear and the wind had gone down. When we came to the steep, sandy side of the mountain, it would be safe to believe that we went down pretty fast. Perhaps we didn't run exactly, but it was a specimen of rather "tall" walking. About half-way down, I drank the last drop of the contents of my pocket-flask. Our horses—condemned to fast or eat lava—had gone round a few circles, circumnaviga-ting one another by chasing their tails; but they had not journeyed far. Leading them from the table-land down the steep acclivity, we mounted: their hunger gave them speed; and after a sharp gallop, we arrived at the farm-house about ten o'clock, a little before sun-set, having escaped the dangers, and enjoyed the novelty of the loftiest journeying I had spent in all my travels.

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## THE GEYSERS.

The Geysers rise out of the ground near the base of a hill some three hundred feet in height. Most of the hot springs I have seen in Iceland are at the base of hills. The Geysers are on ground that is nearly level, sloping a little from the hill, and cover fifty acres or more. The springs are over one hundred in number,

and of every size and form, some very large, others small scarcely discharging any water at all. The Great Geyser—"*the* Geyser" par excellence—attracts by far the most attention, as from its great size, the quantity of water it discharges, and the magnitude and splendour of its eruptions, it stands unequalled in the world. It is on a little eminence that it has made for itself, a hollow rock or petrified mass that has been formed by a siliceous deposit from the water. On approaching the place, you readily see where the Great Geyser is, by its large quantity of steam. I walked up to the margin of it, and there it was, perfectly quiescent, like a sleeping infant. It is shaped exactly like a tea-saucer, in appearance circular, though it is a little elliptical. By measurement, the larger diameter is fifty-six feet, and the smaller diameter forty-six feet. When I arrived I found this saucer or basin full of hot water, as clear as crystal. The temperature, by Fahrenheit's thermometer, was 209° above zero, only three degrees below the boiling point. The basin itself is four feet deep, and in the centre there is a round hole or "pipe," as it is called, running down into the earth like a well. At the top where it opens into the basin, this pipe is sixteen feet across, but a little below the surface it is said to be but ten feet in diameter. This pipe is round, smooth, and straight, and is said by Sir George Mackenzie and others who have measured it to extend perpendicularly to a depth of sixty-five feet. The rocky bottom and sides of the basin and pipe are smooth and of a light colour, nearly white. The quantity of steam that escaped from the surface was considerable, but not nearly so great as I should suppose would come from such a body of hot water. Such is the appearance of this most remarkable fountain while still, and certainly it does not look like a violent or dangerous pool. When in an active

state, the Geyser is altogether a different thing. When I arrived in the evening, the basin was not above half full of water, but the next morning it was full and running over, though the quantity of water that flows from it is not very great. A slight rising of the water, as if boiling, is seen in the middle of the basin, directly over the pipe, when in a quiescent state.

Now arrived at the Geyser, we must wait its motion, for the eruptions occur at very irregular intervals, sometimes several times a day, and sometimes but once in two or three days. Knowing that it gave a warning—by firing signal guns—before each eruption, I took the time to go about the grounds and see what there was to be seen. I gathered some fine mineralogical specimens, some beautiful samples of petrified peat or turf,—all roots and vegetable matter turned to stone. Fifteen or twenty yards west of the Geyser is a gully or ravine, with nearly perpendicular sides, and thirty or forty feet deep. I went down into this, and found a little rivulet of warm water in it, the banks being composed of volcanic matter and red earth. I heard a gurgling noise in the bank, and went up to it, and there was a little mud spring of blubbering clay, hot and steaming. While in this ravine, I heard a sudden noise of explosions like cannon two or three miles away, and yet it seemed to be near me, and under the great Geyser. It was the subterranean explosions that always precede an eruption. I ran up to the Geyser, and saw the water in a violent state of agitation and boiling, with a quantity of air coming up out of the pipe to the surface. This was all; only a false alarm, and not an eruption. Off I went, on another exploring expedition about the grounds. I heard a violent gurgling up towards the foot of the hill to the west, and went to see the cause of it. About 150 yards from the Great Geyser I found a jet of

steam coming out of a hole in the ground, and down out of sight I could hear mud boiling and sputtering violently. I noticed here what I had heard was a characteristic of the hot springs of Iceland, deposits of clay of different colours and of great beauty. It was moist, in a state somewhat like putty, and lying in layers, in several distinct colours. Red, blue and white were the prevailing tints. It was mostly fine-grained and beautiful, and I could not help thinking would be of considerable value as paints, if it were collected. I gathered some of it, but in the absence of proper things to carry it in, and the long journey before me, I reluctantly left the samples behind. About 140 yards south-west of the Great Geyser I came upon two deep springs or pools of clear water, hissing hot and steaming. These pools appeared two springs of irregular outline, each from ten to fifteen feet across, and nearly or quite thirty feet deep. The water was so clear I could see directly to the bottom. A narrow rocky boundary separated the two. This boundary, or rather partition, as well as the sides of the spring, was apparently a siliceous deposit or petrifaction caused by the water itself. On going up near the margin, and walking round on every side, I noticed that the earth or rock overhung the springs on all sides, so I could see directly under, and the crust near the margin being very thin, gave it a most awful appearance. If one should approach too near the margin, and it should break off, down he would go to inevitable death in the seething caldron. A person might very easily run splash into these springs, or rather this double spring, for it is full of water, and on level ground. I did not see it till I was just on the margin. The guide now showed me the Strokr, or what Sir John Stanley calls the New Geyser. It is a mere hole in the ground, like a well, without a basin

or raised margin. It is nine feet in diameter at the top, and gradually grows smaller to about five feet in diameter. The Strokr—a word signifying agitator—is a most singular spring. I looked down into it, and saw the water boiling violently about twenty feet below the surface of the ground. It is situated 131 yards south of the Great Geyser. While looking at this, I heard a noise, and looking up saw a burst of water and steam a little way off, that the guide said was the Little Geyser. It is 106 yards south of the Strokr. I went to it, and found an irregular but voluminous burst of water, rising with considerable noise eight or ten feet high. It played about five minutes, and stopped. I found that it played in a similar way at pretty regular intervals of about half an hour throughout the day. About noon, some two hours after the first alarm, I heard again the signal guns of the Great Geyser. The discharges were near a dozen, following one another in quick succession, sounding like the firing of artillery at sea, at a distance of two or three miles. I ran up to the Geyser, and saw the water in a state of violent agitation, and soon it rose six or eight feet, in a column or mass, directly over the pipe. It however, soon subsided, and the water in the basin from being full and running over, sank down the pipe till the basin became nearly empty. I was doomed to disappointment this time, there being no more eruption than this. It was two or three hours before the basin got full of water again. About four o'clock I heard the reports again, and louder than before; the guide hallooed to me, and we ran up near the margin of the basin. The explosions continued, perhaps, two minutes, the water becoming greatly agitated, filling the basin to overflowing, and then, as if the earth was opening, the fountain burst forth with a shock that nearly threw me over. The water shot in one immense column

from the whole size of the pipe, and rose perpendicularly, separating a little into different streams as it ascended. Such a spectacle no words can describe. Its height, as near as I could judge, was about seventy or seventy-five feet. The awful noise, as a renewal of the forces kept the water in play, seemed as if a thousand engines were discharging their steam-pipes up through a pool of boiling water. Great quantities of steam accompanied it, but not enough to hide the column of water. We stood in perfect safety within forty feet of the fountain all the time it was playing, which was about six or eight minutes. Well was it said that, had Louis XIV. of France seen the Geysers of Iceland, he never would have made the fountains of Versailles. Compare the work of man, when he makes a spurting jet from a pipe with a two-inch bore, to a column of boiling water ten feet in diameter, and near a hundred feet high, and rushing up with the noise and actual force of a volcano! I had thought that Niagara Falls was the greatest curiosity, and Fingal's Cave, at Staffa, the most pleasing one that I had ever seen; but—though not at all alike—the Great Geyser of Iceland, as a marvellous work of nature, eclipses them both. The Geyser played lower and lower, and in the course of two or three minutes after it began to recede, it had all sunk down into the pipe, leaving the basin quite empty, and the pipe also down for about ten feet. This was the first time I had an opportunity of looking into the pipe. The water was scarcely agitated at all, but slowly rising. In the course of two and a half hours the basin was again full and overflowing. According to the most reliable estimates, the maximum height of the eruptions of the Great Geyser is from 90 to 100 feet. Some have attempted to prove by mathematics and the law of projectiles, that water cannot by any force or power be thrown in a stream over ninety-

five or ninety-six feet high. Fire-engines disprove this; but at any rate that seems to be about the height of the highest jets of the Great Geyser. Sir John Stanley, in 1789, calculated the height by a quadrant, of the highest eruption that he saw, at ninety-six feet. Dr. Hooker estimated it at 100, and Sir George Mackenzie at ninety feet. The first account of these remarkable fountains dates back about 600 years. To me one of the most remarkable circumstances connected with Iceland is, the constant and regular supply of fire that keeps springs of water at a boiling heat, and sends forth fountains with a force beyond all human power, and with a constant and unceasing regularity, for hundreds, and, for aught we know to the contrary, for thousands of years. Whence is the supply of fuel? Why does it not all get consumed? But a child can ask a question that a man cannot answer. Some have attempted by drawings and illustrations to figure out a theory of pipes, cavities, and conduits under the earth, which, supplied with a constant stream of hot water, would produce the eruptions that we see. The great irregularity in time and in force seems to set at nought the wisest calculations. We can see the effect produced, and can look on and admire, but the springs of action are hid by the Almighty in the wonderful laboratory of nature.

The *Strokr* is little less remarkable or interesting than the Great Geyser. Though of less magnitude, it throws its stream of water higher, and wider too, and more varied, in consequence of its rather irregular bore. This bore, or pipe, is somewhat rough and a little crooked; like the Irishman's gun, made for "shooting round a corner." One rule seems to pervade all the geysers or shooting springs of Iceland. The larger they are the more seldom their eruptions. The Great Geyser, from what I can learn, does not

give one of its highest eruptions oftener than once in one or two days, the *Strokr* once or twice a day generally, and the Little Geyser every thirty or forty minutes. The *Strokr* can be made to erupt by throwing in stones or turf. The former sometime choke it up, but turf and sods do not; and moreover they produce a fine effect by giving a black, inky appearance to the water. I made my guide cut up a quantity of turf with a spade, and, piling them up on the margin, we threw them—several bushels at a time—down the well of the *Strokr*. They splashed in the water, which was boiling furiously, as usual, about twenty feet below the top. The ebullition nearly ceased, and we watched it with great interest for some little time, but no eruption seemed to come at the call we had made. We walked away a few steps, thinking that this method of producing an eruption was not infallible, when suddenly it shot forth with a tremendous explosion, throwing its column of dark-coloured water an immense height. As near as I could judge, the water ascended about one hundred and thirty feet. The explosive, or rather eruptive force, was not quite so regular as in the Great Geyser, but would momentarily slacken, and be renewed, the height of the column sometimes not being over seventy or eighty feet high. When it had played about fifteen minutes, it began to slacken, and gradually to settle down. After dropping below the surface, and sinking down into the pipe, up it would come again; and, as the water would reach the surface of the ground, it would burst and shoot not only high but wide. The falling water wet the earth for some twenty or thirty feet from the pipe. I picked up some small fragments of the grass turf that we had thrown in, and found them literally cooked.

Some twenty years ago a horse fell into one of the mud springs here at the Geysers, and never was seen

afterwards. In the northern part of Iceland, an ox fell into a geyser, and after he was fairly cooked he was blown out by an eruption. Whether he was served up at a banquet afterwards, I have not been able to learn. The pieces of turf that were thrown out of the *Strokr* looked more like pieces of seal-skin than like turf. A boiling of ten minutes in this infernal caldron was enough to alter the appearance of anything.

Though the *Strokr* plays once or twice every day, of its own accord, yet I took a malicious pleasure in provoking it to a "blow out;" and a few hours after the first, I asked the guide to give it another dose of turf. He looked into it, and seeing the boiling rather feeble, said it was no use; it had not yet recovered strength for another effort. Still he tried it, and we waited the result. It would not; but about two hours afterwards it exploded, and we saw another grand eruption, similar to the first. Our sensations are altogether different in looking at these works of nature, from what they are at seeing an artificial fountain, however brilliant. In the latter case we know the power that propels the water, but here we look on and wonder at the unseen power that for hundreds of years keeps these marvellous fountains in operation. Hot springs are scattered all over Iceland, to the number of thousands, and at nearly every step you see lava, volcanoes, or extinct craters. Seeing the constant proofs of subterranean heat, as developed in the hot springs, it cannot be doubted that heat, if not actual fire, would be found at a short distance below the surface, in almost any part of the country; and I hope the day is not far distant, when experiments and investigations of a scientific character will be made by men of learning, in different parts of this extraordinary country.

There are two or three farm-houses in the vicinity, and near one of them, in a hot spring, I saw a large

iron kettle placed, and in it were clothes boiling. Indeed, if these hot springs were moveable property, would they not be worth something if attached to a large hotel or bathing establishment! I boiled a piece of meat for my dinner in one of the springs, and while the culinary operation was going on, I went to a pool in the brook that flows from the Great Geyser, and had a most delicious warm bath. I gathered some fine specimens of the petrifactions formed by the water, by breaking them up from the bottom of the brook a short distance from the basin. In appearance they much resemble the heads of cauliflower; in colour, nearly white. The incrustations are far more beautiful a little way from the fountain head than in the basin itself, as the siliceous deposit is made principally as the water cools. I noticed that grass grew over a portion of the ground among the numerous hot springs; but near the sources of them there is evidently too much heat, there being nothing but bare earth around them. There are no springs of cold water in the vicinity.

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## ADVENTURE WITH A CAYMAN.*

THE day was now declining apace, and the Indian had prepared an instrument to take the cayman. It was very simple. There were four pieces of tough hard wood, a foot long, and about as thick as your little finger, and barbed at both ends; they were tied round the end of a rope, in such a manner, that if you conceive the rope to be an arrow, these four sticks would form the arrow's head; so that one end of the four united sticks answered to the point of the arrow-head,

* The cayman, or alligator, is a native of America, as its fellow the crocodile is of Africa and India.

while the other end of the sticks expanded at equal distances round the rope. Now it is evident, that if the cayman swallowed this (the other end of the rope, which was thirty yards long, being fastened to a tree), the more he pulled, the faster the barbs would stick into his stomach. This wooden hook, if you may so call it, was well baited with the flesh of the acouri, and the entrails were twisted round the rope for about a foot above it.

Nearly a mile from where we had our hammocks the sand-bank was steep and abrupt, and the river very still and deep: there the Indian pricked a stick into the sand. It was two feet long, and on its extremity was fixed the machine. It hung suspended about a foot from the water, and the end of the rope was made fast to a stake driven well into the sand. Having done this, we went back to the hammocks, not intending to visit it again till morning. During the night, the jaguars roared and grumbled in the forest as though the world was going wrong with them, and at intervals we could hear the distant cayman. The roaring of the jaguars was awful; but it was music to the dismal noise of these hideous and malicious reptiles.

About half-past five in the morning, the Indian stole off silently to take a look at the bait. On arriving at the place he set up a tremendous shout. We all jumped out of our hammocks and ran to him. The Indians got there before me, for they had no clothes to put on, and I lost two minutes in looking for my trowsers and slipping into them.

We found a cayman, ten feet and a half long, fast to the end of the rope. Nothing now remained to do but to get him out of the water without injuring his scales. We mustered strong. There were three Indians from the creek; there was my own Indian, Yan, Daddy Quashi, the negro from Mrs. Peterson's, James, Mr. R.

Edmonstone's man, whom I was instructing to preserve birds, and lastly, myself.

I informed the Indians that it was my intention to draw him quietly out of the water, and then secure him. They looked and stared at each other, and said I might do it myself, but they would have no hand in it; the cayman would worry some of us. On saying this, they squatted on their hams with the most perfect indifference. The Indians of these wilds have never been subject to the least restraint; and I knew enough of them to be aware, that if I tried to force them against their will, they would make off, and leave me and my presents unheeded, and never return.

Daddy Quashi was for applying to our guns, as usual, considering them our best and safest friends. I immediately offered to knock him down for his cowardice, when he shrunk back, begging that I would be cautious, and not get myself worried, and apologising for his own want of resolution. My Indian was now in conversation with the others, and they asked me if I would allow them to shoot a dozen arrows into him, and thus disable him. This would have ruined all. I had come above three hundred miles on purpose to get a cayman uninjured, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen. I rejected their proposition with firmness, and darted a disdainful eye upon the Indians. Here, then, we stood in silence, like a calm before a thunder storm. They wanted to kill him, and I wanted to take him alive.

I now walked up and down the sand, revolving a dozen projects in my head. The canoe was at a considerable distance, and I ordered the people to bring it round to the place where we were. The mast was eight feet long, and not much thicker than my wrist. I took it out of the canoe, and wrapped the sail round the end of it. Now it appeared clear to me, that if I

went down upon one knee, and held the mast in the same position as the soldier holds his bayonet when rushing to the charge, I could force it down the cayman's throat, should he come open-mouthed at me. When this was told to the Indians they brightened up, and said they would help me to pull him out of the river. "Brave squad!" said I to myself, "now that you have got me betwixt yourselves and danger." I then mustered all hands for the last time before the battle. We were—four South American savages, two negroes from Africa, a creole from Trinidad, and myself a white man from Yorkshire. In fact, a little tower of Babel group,—in dress, no dress, address, and language.

Daddy Quashi hung in the rear. I showed him a large Spanish knife, which I always carried in the waistband of my trowsers: it spoke volumes to him, and he shrugged up his shoulders in absolute despair. The sun was just peeping over the high forests on the eastern hills, as if coming to look on, and bid us act with becoming fortitude. I placed all the people at the end of the rope, and ordered them to pull till the cayman appeared on the surface of the water; and then, should he plunge, to slacken the rope and let him go again into the deep.

I now took the mast of the canoe in my hand (the sail being tied round the end of the mast) and sunk down upon one knee, about four yards from the water's edge, determining to thrust it down his throat in case he gave me an opportunity. I certainly felt somewhat uncomfortable in this situation, and I thought of Cerberus on the other side of the Styx ferry. The people pulled the cayman to the surface; he plunged furiously as soon as he arrived in these upper regions, and immediately went below again on their slackening the rope. I saw enough not to fall in love at first sight. I now told them we would run all risks, and

have him on land immediately. They pulled again, and out the monster came. This was an interesting moment. I kept my position firmly, with my eye fixed steadfastly on him.

By the time the cayman was within two yards of me, I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation; I instantly dropped the mast, sprung up, and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore legs, and, by main force, twisted them on his back: thus they served me for a bridle. He now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and probably fancying himself in hostile company, he begun to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. I was out of reach of the strokes of it by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator.

The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous that it was some time before they heard me tell them to pull me and my beast of burthen further inland. I was apprehensive the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going down to the regions under water with the cayman. The people now dragged us about forty yards on the sand. It was the first and last time I was ever on a cayman's back. Should it be asked how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer,—I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's fox hounds.

After repeated attempts to regain his liberty, the cayman gave in, and became tranquil through exhaustion. I now managed to tie up his jaws, and firmly secured his fore-feet in the position I had held them. We had now another severe struggle for superiority, but he was soon overcome, and again remained

quiet. While some of the people were pressing upon his head and shoulders, I threw myself on his tail, and by keeping it down to the sand, prevented him from kicking up another dust. He was finally conveyed to the canoe, and then to the place where we had suspended our hammocks. There I cut his throat; and after breakfast was over, commenced the dissection.

The back of the cayman may be said to be almost impenetrable to a musket ball, but his sides are not near so strong, and are easily pierced with an arrow; indeed, were they as strong as the back and the belly, there would be no part of the cayman's body soft and elastic enough to admit of expansion after taking in a supply of food. The cayman has no grinders; his teeth are entirely made for snatch and swallow: there are thirty-two in each jaw. Perhaps no animal in existence bears more decided marks in his countenance of cruelty and malice than the cayman. He is the scourge and terror of all the large rivers in South America near the line.

WATERTON'S WANDERINGS.



THE END.